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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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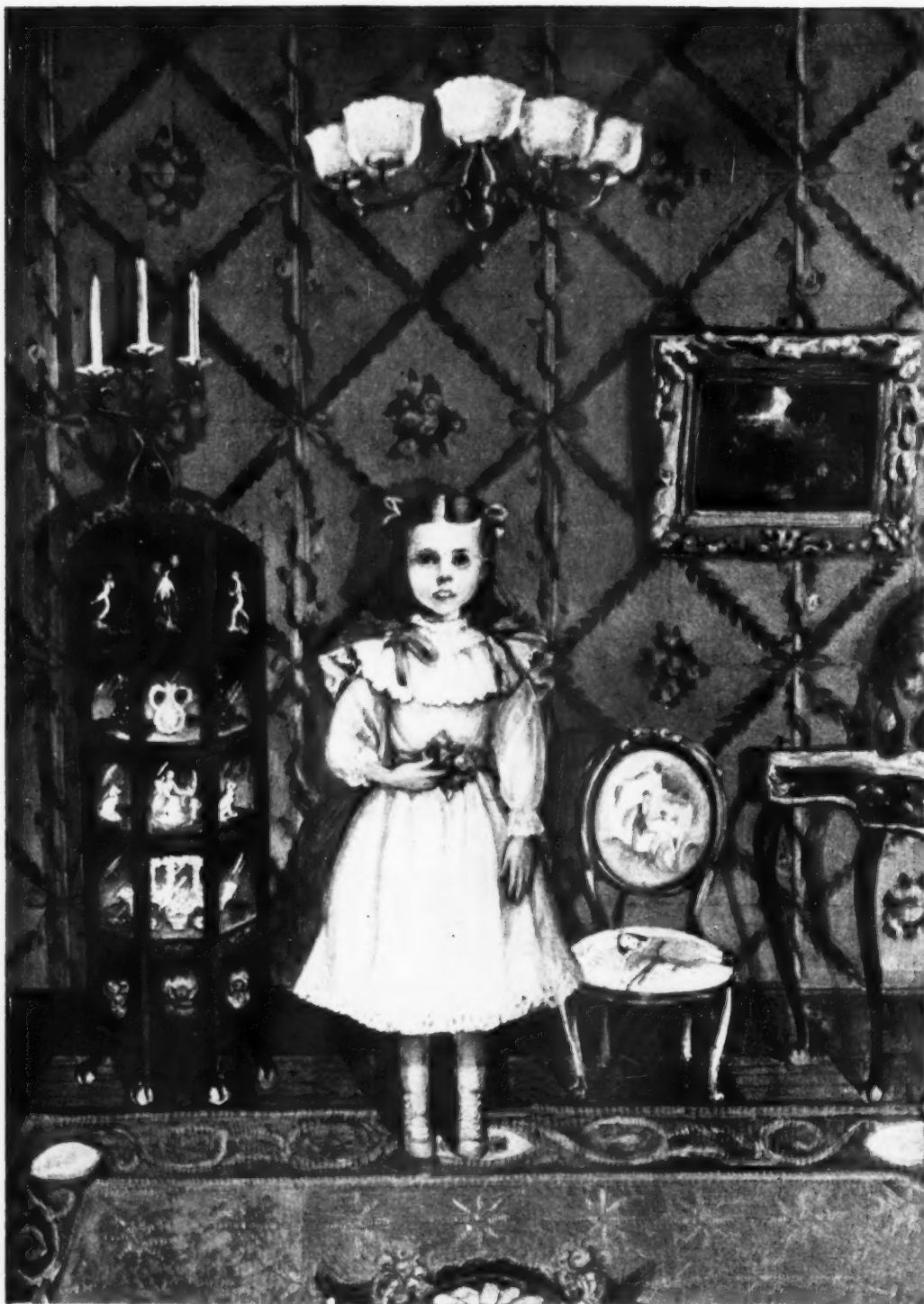
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Courtesy of Ferargil Gallery

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, LIV

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AT THE AGE OF EIGHT

Painted by LAUREN FORD

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MARCH • 1945

MEET *the* MALONES



"MR. CHIPS IS MINE—ALL MINE!"
THE WORDS SANG THEMSELVES TO
HER GAYLY IN A GLAD SINGSONG.

PART ONE

*Mary Fred impulsively
buys a horse, an action
typical of the warm-
hearted Malones—a
family so human you
can't help loving them*

A NEW SERIAL

By

LENORA

MAITINGLY

WEBER

MARY FRED MALONE started home from the Crestwood stables riding the black horse, Mr. Chips. The January wind had the moist feel of snow in it as it rippled the bridle reins, flapped the green scarf over Mary Fred's unruly dark hair, tugged at the end knotted under her tanned, squarish chin. For the first mile or two she rode happily without realizing that she had, as her younger brother Johnny would say, "opened her mouth and put her foot in it," when she had said impulsively, "I'll buy Mr. Chips."

At first, as she rode down the sandy road that led toward the outskirts of Denver, the rhythm of the horse's trot had kept time to a glad singsong inside her, "Mr. Chips is mine—all mine. He's nobody else's but mine!" And Mr. Chips's ear had kept twitching back as though he didn't want to miss a word of it. She had reached over and patted his warm, black, sinewy shoulder.

Mary Fred Malone was sixteen now. She had been riding at the Crestwood stables since she was eleven and had come out there with a school club. All that time she had loved the black horse, Mr. Chips, with his two white front feet and the splash of white in his forehead. He was a wise and gentle horse. The whole class had learned to ride on him.

From the Crestwood Riding Stables to Mary Fred's home was six and a half miles. She knew because she often drove out with her chum, Lila Sears, when Lila's mother let her take her car. Lila's mother was the kind who charted every quarter hour of her daughter's life. "It's six and a half miles between here and the stables," she would say firmly, "so you girls can ride for an hour and then leave promptly at five thirty. That will give you time, Lila, to drop Mary Fred off, and be home in time to change for dinner at six."

Just as Mary Fred and Mr. Chips reached the bridge which crossed the sand creek, a car's honking sounded behind them and they pulled over to one side. It was Lila in her mother's roadster. If Mary Fred hadn't been riding her new purchase, she would have been there in the seat beside her, dividing a candy bar.

Lila sat a minute regarding her friend and the newly bought black horse, and her expression of anxiety and admiration was typical of her. Since they were four, Lila had tagged at Mary Fred's heels every minute she could escape her mother's jurisdiction, and because she was so dominated herself, she worshiped Mary Fred for her unhampered initiative. But now she said worriedly, "Honest, you'd better change your mind and take Mr. Chips back."

"I can't," Mary Fred said with an overly bright smile. "Mack said I couldn't bring him back. He said as long as I'd spoiled his sale of Mr. Chips to the farmer, I'd have to stick to my bargain."

"Did you pay for him?" Lila asked.

"I paid him that fifteen dollars I had with me—you know I brought it along because we were going to shop for our formals. And I promised Mack to pay the other fifteen for Mr. Chips just as soon as I could."

The two girls had planned to meet Lila's mother at a dress shop on Colfax Avenue after their ride and start the dress hunt, so as to be ready for the big school Spring Formal in March.

"If only you hadn't had that fifteen dollars with you!" Lila lamented. "My granddad always said that money, or a gun, in your jeans could get the best intentioned fellow into trouble. If only those doggoned new boots of mine hadn't pinched my



Illustrated by GERTRUDE HOWE

feet so that I had to go and change them—and leave you there with Mr. Chips!”

For it had been in those brief moments while Lila was changing out of her stiff, new boots that Mary Fred had drifted over to the stall of the black horse. Mack, the owner of the Crestwood stables, had explained to them all that he was having to sell the horse because of a strained tendon in his right front leg. Mack, who was a kind owner, had sighed; he hated to part with Mr. Chips—he'd never had a horse so sweet-tempered, so understanding. The leg would be all right if it were humored for a few months, but because Mack had so many clubs taking military training, he had to fill every stall with an active, rentable horse. He was having to sell Mr. Chips cheap to a neighboring farmer.

“Why didn't you let the farmer buy him?” Lila wanted to know.

Mary Fred took a long breath. “Well, I was standing there by Mr. Chips's stall and he was kind of nuzzling my shoulder—”

“He's always been crazy about you, Mary Fred,” Lila said. “—and this farmer came in and he was dirty and smelly, and he reached up and yanked Mr. Chips's head down and started to pry open his mouth to look at his teeth. Mr. Chips reared his head back and the fellow cuffed him hard, right on his nose, and—and honestly, it made me sick. Sweet old Chips!”

“I know,” Lila said soberly, remembering when she, a scared little beginner, had climbed upon the old horse's steady back. “I never could have taken my first hurdle if Mr. Chips hadn't—oh, kind of promised he'd see me through.”

A few heavy flakes of snow came sifting down. Mary Fred

stared at the fragile perfection of a frosty star on her green-mitten hand. “You'd better go on, Lila,” she said, “and meet your mother. It's going to snow.”

Lila reached for the starter. “It worries me for you to be taking that horse home, even though you're a Malone. My folks would just hit the ceiling—and I can't even imagine what would happen to me when they came down.”

Mary Fred stared after Lila's car as Mr. Chips jogged on. No, nor could she, Mary Fred, imagine what would happen to Lila if she ever did anything not previously sanctioned by her mother. Lila couldn't buy a pair of stockings without her mother at her elbow choosing the shade, deciding on the price. Lila's whole life was bordered by the phrase, “But Mother thinks—” Mary Fred remembered one time when they had been at the neighborhood store and Lila had had lamb chops on her list. The butcher had no lamb chops. Mary Fred had said, “Why don't you get ham?” But Lila didn't dare. She had to telephone her mother and ask what she should substitute for lamb chops. It had never been that way in the Malone home. The young Malones made their own decisions about lamb chops and life. “Dictators only make you soft inside,” Mother used to say. “People have to learn to make decisions themselves—if they don't, they're lost when an emergency comes.”

Mr. Chips's limping became more pronounced as the miles grew. Mary Fred's happy exultancy had slowed down, too. Now the chant inside her seemed to keep time to that querulous tune, “*W'hat you goin' to do when the rent comes round?*” Only the words were, “*W'hat you goin' to do when you get your horse home? W'hat you goin' to say? How you goin' to pay?*”

The snow was coming down in great wet flurries by the time Mary Fred reached the edge of town. There was not much farther to go. She stopped and thumped her cold hands together, squirmed her foot on which the boot had rubbed a blister. Mack had given her a gunny sack half full of oats to last Mr. Chips until she could buy some for him, and it hung, its weight divided, over Mr. Chips's shoulders. She shook the clinging snow off it, too.

Then she took a few steps, stopped again, and reached inside her boot and pulled her stocking smooth over her rubbed heel. As she straightened, she saw (Continued on page 30)



She was almost at the city limits now, though the snow was swirling down so heavily that she could see neither the university buildings nor the brick homes she usually saw from this rise. She hated to ride a limping horse. She slid out of the saddle and walked along, leading him.

She was troubled, but not scared. Her mother had been dead for three years, but Father had the same ideas about young people making their own decisions. He would only say, "Well, Mary Fred, if you've bought a horse—and if you want the horse enough to do without other things and work to pay for him—that's up to you."

The snow kept balling up on the heels of her riding boots. She tried to walk fast, for she remembered that this was the day her brother Johnny was to trade in his old typewriter for one less old. She had hoped to be home in time to clean off the big old desk which Johnny and she had once, hoping to dandy it up, painted blue. Yes, today was the day Johnny was to turn in his old typewriter and pay down his savings on—not a brand new one, but one that would write without skipping two spaces when you hit the space bar, or none at all, and write all the *s's*, *m's*, and *n's* as capitals.

A SMALL TRUCK WITH A WYOMING LICENSE HAD EVIDENTLY BEEN HIT AND THE JOLT HAD TIPPED THE EGGS OUT. JOHNNY WAS TRYING TO PICK THEM UP

*About the Negro contralto
whose performance inspired
Arturo Toscanini to say,
"A voice like yours is heard
once in a hundred years"*



MARIAN ANDERSON RECEIVING THE BOK AWARD WHICH HER NATIVE PHILADELPHIA BESTOWED ON HER IN THE FORM OF A PLAQUE AND A \$10,000 CHECK IN 1941. THE AWARD WAS PRESENTED TO HER BY DEEMS TAYLOR



AS A YOUNG GIRL—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN FRANCE

The Story of **MARIAN**



A SINGING voice has been described as a gift of God. It is the one musical instrument which cannot be bought, nor handed down to future generations. The famous violins of Guarnerius and Stradivarius are a heritage of the centuries. They still sing for us with matchless tone, but the use of a beautiful voice is permitted to but one favored individual. Its possession alone will not make a great artist, unless he is spiritually and mentally endowed to make the highest use of his gift.

A hundred years ago, in Sweden, the child-soprano Jenny Lind indicated early that she was destined for an extraordinary career. Here in America another child-singer has made history. Little Marian Anderson, born in the Negro quarter of the city of Philadelphia, was found to possess a contralto of magnificent range and quality. Her musical intelligence and her devotion to her art have made her one of the great singers of our times.

No famous voice has had a more favorable environment in which to develop than that of Marian Anderson. Music is a natural expression of her race, and no people have finer vocal equipment.

MARIAN ANDERSON remembers, with a kind of affection, the white marble doorsteps of the houses in Philadelphia where she grew up. By scrubbing them, she once earned enough money to buy a violin.

The daily scouring of the family doorstep is a ritual familiar to many a Philadelphia child, and Marian liked to hear the swish of her mother's scrubbing brush and see the swirl of soapsuds over the wet stone. For rhythm was a language she understood before she understood speech.

Rhythm talked to her in many tongues. Now it ticked inside her father's watch. At other times it puffed and sang from the kettle's spout on her mother's stove, or tapped a lively beat on the pavement whenever a horse went by, or passed like thunder down the street on the rumble of wheels. Any rhythmic noise is, for a canary, an invitation to song, and so it was for Marian.

She raised her voice in a babbling accompaniment to her mother's housework, feeling the impulse to sing whenever she heard the sweep of the broom, or the hum of the sewing machine. Very soon, however, she learned to memorize and carry a tune.

An aunt sang frequently in the Anderson home, and shortly her little niece was imitating the melodies she heard. But harmony excited Marian even more than melody. She thrilled under the impact of its resonance rolling out of her grandmother's small pedal-organ, and from the throats of men and women singing Negro spirituals.

All during infancy she was unconsciously absorbing musical impressions, and then, when she was about three, she made a discovery that was equally important to her development. Her mother had told the child to sit quietly in her high chair while she herself prepared breakfast in another



Courtesy of the New York Herald Tribune

LEFT: MISS ANDERSON WAS THE ARTIST CHOSEN TO SING AT THE 1942 HERALD TRIBUNE FORUM IN NEW YORK CITY. THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN ON THAT OCCASION, SHOWS HER IN THE BOOTH OF THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, AN ORGANIZATION IN WHICH SHE IS MUCH INTERESTED



HERE THE CAMERA HAS CAUGHT MARIAN ANDERSON'S INFECTIOUS SMILE WHICH HAS WON FOR HER MANY WARM FRIENDS. BELOW: A GRACIOUS, INFORMAL POSE

By CONSTANCE BUEL BURNETT

ANDERSON

room. Marian had always been permitted to trot about the kitchen. Often she had been allowed to stand on a chair and stir the breakfast porridge with a wooden spoon. This morning, the ways of grown people seemed inexplicably cruel. She screamed with indignation, and while she screamed something strange happened that she was never to forget.

A flowered border decorated the wallpaper of the room in which she sat. Marian saw the flowers each time she threw back her head and opened her mouth to get her breath. Suddenly she became alert and watchful, even though she went on crying as loudly as ever. The flowers were moving. They were swaying in time to her crying—they were dancing! Marian brushed away angry tears and stared. As she gazed, the forget-me-nots smiled at her, a large chrysanthemum nodded its head, and a blue rose was suddenly transformed into a prince with a plumed hat. The prince bowed to a purple lilac, and the lilac turned into a curtsying lady. Then all the flowers danced and sang.

When her mother came back from the kitchen, the little girl was singing happily, nor did she ever again mind

being left alone. A door leading to an imaginative world had swung open for her and was never to shut. All those who are destined to become artists must find this door, each in his own manner.

It was well for this embryo artist that she found it early, for two little sisters were born and Mrs. Anderson had to take in washing to help support the growing family. Marian was left more and more to her own resources. She says now that no toy had any real interest for her until she had invented some rhythmic kind of use for it. Instead of playing house with her dolls, she gave them singing lessons.

Mrs. Anderson, who had been a school-teacher, watched her little daughter's growing absorption in music with keen interest. She knew that hers was no ordinary voice, for Marian had warm contralto notes unusual to a child, as well as high notes that climbed effortlessly up to high C.

Probably her parents did not dream at this time of a career for her. Mr. Anderson was a small dealer in coal and ice, and music lessons were costly. At the Baptist church, however, she would be given musical training of a



Beuchard

sort, and opportunities to sing.

As soon as Marian was enrolled in the children's choir, the parish became aware of the child with the remarkable voice. She was natural and unafraid before an audience, and the neighborhood soon found they could count on little Marian Anderson to attract a crowd for their benefits and concerts. She made her first public appearance in the Union Baptist Church, singing a duet with another child. She was contributing her share to the musical life of the community when she was only six.

It was at this time that she longed to own a violin, and one day she saw one hanging in the window of a pawnshop. Its price was only \$3.45!

Young as she was, Marian knew of the wonderful violins made by Stradivarius. She knew what a pawnshop was, and that people desperately in need of money left their most treasured possessions there. It was possible that this violin might be a Stradivarius. Then and there she determined it was to be hers.

Armed with her mother's pail and scrubbing brush, she rang the bell of every house on her street. She would scour a doorstep for anything a housewife was willing to pay. It was a long, anxious wait before she collected the necessary amount, for she received only five or ten cents for her labors—and in the meantime what was to prevent some wealthier person from buying the violin?

Perhaps the pawnbroker saved the instrument for the child who came to his shop daily to gaze wistfully at it from the street. At all events, it was still there when finally she emptied a stockingedful of pennies, nickels, and dimes on his counter.

"At last you have come for the violin!" The shopkeeper counted out the money carefully. "You buy it for yourself? You are too small to play." His shrewd eyes narrowed with curiosity.

Marian held the violin close. She had no answer for him because she had a burning question of her own. "Is it a very fine violin? Is it—a Stradivarius?"

The pawnbroker rubbed his chin. Naïve customers were rare visitors in a pawnshop. With great seriousness he examined her purchase. "You want me to be honest, yes? Well—" he leaned confidentially over the counter—"it is not a Strad, no, but it is an exceptionally fine fiddle—and what a bargain, *hein*? No extra charge for the bow and case!"

Blissfully Marian carried the violin home and began laboriously to teach herself to play. She drew the bow timidly over the strings at first. It made her tremble to hear tone so like a human voice vibrating under her fingers. After days of experimenting she actually discovered the location of notes, and practised constantly for months until the strings, worn out, snapped one by one.

By that time, however, the violin had served its purpose of satisfying a great hunger. Now she was a big girl—eight years old—and she had already earned her first concert fee of fifty cents, and posters announcing her appearance in concerts featured her as the "ten-year-old contralto"! No one hearing the ripe quality of that young voice would have believed her age, anyway.



MARIAN ANDERSON AT A VERY EARLY AGE

Marian was going to public school now with all the other children on her street. Teachers found the wide-eyed little girl, with the alert listening expression, an intelligent, eager pupil. But there was one time in the morning when it seemed impossible to hold her attention. This was during music period in the adjoining school room.

"Marian, go to the blackboard, please, and write the multiplication table as far as you can remember."

"Yes, Miss Jones."

Reluctantly Marian rose. It wasn't that standing at a blackboard disconcerted her—she was too used to an audience for that—nor were sums really difficult for her. But the melancholy strains of *My Old Kentucky Home* in the next room were like strong hands, tugging at her will to concentrate and weakening it.

"Five times six are thirty," she wrote on the blackboard while she listened to the singing. The five table was easy, she could remember it automatically. While she wrote she hummed under her breath. But by the time she

reached six times seven, the stream of melody flowing in through the closed doors swept her completely away from the multiplication table. She stood motionless, the chalk suspended in her hand.

"You may sit down, Marian. Who will carry on from here?"

Practically the whole class waved a frantic assent to the teacher's question, but Marian scarcely noticed. Her mind and heart had already joined the nostalgic chorus in the other room. "*Weep no more, my lady—oh, weep no more today!*"

It was a mystery to the music teacher how little Marian Anderson contrived, each year, to know all the songs of the class to which she had been promoted before they were taught her.

When an upright piano was purchased by her father and mother, her excitement was as intense as the day she brought her violin home from the pawnshop. Her parents still could not afford to give her lessons, but she attacked the problem of teaching herself as confidently as she had the task of learning the violin.

She had a paper chart, an exact replica of the key-board, with the names of the scales and the notes printed on it. Every night, when her father came home, she could hardly wait to show him what she had learned that day. Only when she saw his big thumb easily span two notes did she know slight discouragement, to think how long it would be before her own hand could stretch an octave.

She was twelve when her father died, and then it was necessary for someone to help her burdened mother earn a living for the family. As often as Marian could get engagements, she appeared as an assisting artist to other performers, and the people of her district loyally filled the halls, more interested in hearing the little girl who had grown up in their midst than in listening to visiting musicians.

For Marian, singing was too natural to seem more than an easy method of earning a living. It was not until she met and heard the famous Negro tenor, Roland Hayes, that she fully realized the potentialities of (Continued on page 39)

RED HOT CELEBRATION

About Midge — and a wedding anniversary present that turned out to be a bit too much of a good thing

By MARJORIE PARADIS

QUENTIN's in town, Dad. He's a Boy Scout, you know, and he's working like mad on the salvage drive." Midge paused to dig into the sugar bowl, then remembered the lemon meringue pie she hoped to make for the anniversary dinner on Saturday. She and Adele were home for mid-years, an enforced vacation to conserve coal, and the long week-end included their parents' eighteenth wedding anniversary. Pushing the sugar out of temptation's way, she resumed her subject. "Dad, may I turn in that old pot-bellied stove in the cellar?"

Adele shuddered at the adjective. "If we have any kind of stove, why don't we use it?" she cried. "Oil rationing

may be patriotic, but it leaves me cold." And she held her fingers in the steam from the electric percolator.

"Oh, Peter, I remember that stove!" Mrs. Bennett's eyes, gray and far spaced like Midge's, brightened. "It was set up between the living room windows, red hot, the first day we looked at the house. Is it any good?"

"No, Mother, there's a hole in the side," Midge answered for her father. "How about it, Dad?"

"Take it, by all means." He looked across the table at his wife and shook his head. "Sorry, my dear, but Midge is right, it's useless. Matter of fact, I'll be glad to get it out of the coal bin."

"Yes, we'll need the bin for wood when we get our open fireplace," smiled Mrs. Bennett.

"I don't believe we'll ever have an open fire," lamented Adele. "We've talked about it for years—and now we actually need it, but it's no nearer than ever."

"Further," discouraged her father. "What with the war and college."

Later in the evening he had a private talk with Midge. "We have a wedding anniversary, your mother and I, this Saturday."

"Don't I know that, Dad!"

"We're not celebrating—it isn't the year for celebrations. I'll take her to lunch and the movies, of course, but I want to give her a present—something practical. She doesn't make any fuss, but Adele is right—the house has been chilly all winter and I don't think your mother wears enough clothes. Do you suppose you could buy her some flannel petticoats?"

Midge controlled a smile. "I don't believe she'd wear flannel petticoats, Daddy."

"Then woolen underwear, something to keep her warm."

Midge folded the ten dollars slowly. She had a bright idea, but she didn't mention her inspiration until the next afternoon when she and Quentin were down cellar inspecting the donation.

"Tin, I wonder if we couldn't find an old stove like this one—one that's good enough to use, I mean." And she told him of the coming anniversary.

Quentin's enthusiasm, always as inflammable as gunpowder, ignited instantly. "You don't want that. What you should have is a Franklin stove, open in front, burns coal or wood. I saw just the thing in a junk store near Canal Street. Got a lot of scrap iron from the man this morning."

"Can I buy it for ten dollars?" asked the practical Midge. "Or perhaps twelve, I have two bucks to chip in."

"Fifteen, perhaps. I'm in on this, too."

"STOP, TIN," SHE CRIED, "YOU SHOULD BE BREAKING INTO THE OPPOSITE WALL!"





"A CUSTOMER, EH?" HIS HANDS GRATED AS HE RUBBED THEM EXPECTANTLY. "AND WHAT COULD I FAVOR YOU WITH?"

"Oh, Tin, you're swell. What about the installing?"

"Leave that to me, it's a cinch. There must be a flue in the living room."

"Sure. Between the windows."

"I fixed one in our Maine cabin. Just need a stovepipe and zinc—here's the zinc." He kicked a resounding square.

"And we'll try to get the stovepipe out of Adele. Come on! Mother's out—help me work on her."

They found Adele on her bed covered to the chin with an eiderdown quilt, a book propped against her knees. "Midge, darling, turn the page like a lamb," she murmured. "For once I'll be glad to get back to college."

"Yes, and leave poor mother in this frigid house. Del, we've got to do something. She isn't as young as she used to be and when you get old—older—you feel the cold more. Saturday's her wedding anniversary—and Tin and I have worked out a marvelous plan, if you'll cough up enough to buy her a pipe."

"A pipe—for Mother!" Adele shook the blonde curls out of her startled eyes.

"Stovepipe, twit."

"Midge Bennett, don't tell me you're actually considering such a thing!" Adele jumped up, flinging aside the flowered quilt. "I simply won't have it!"

"For cat's sake, what's the matter, Del?" demanded Midge.

"If you have any idea of setting up that hideous pot-stomach stove in our living room, I forbid it. I was only fooling last night. Why, I'd never allow a friend of mine to step his foot in the house!"

"Pull on the emergency, Del," interrupted Quentin. "We're talking about a Franklin stove. Ever see one?"

"Oh, a Franklin stove!" Adele's voice changed to milk and honey. "Why didn't you say so in the first place? They're wonderful! Absolutely the last word."

"Are you good for three bucks?" Midge extended her palm.

"Y-yes, if you think you can get a genuine Franklin stove."

During the subway ride Quentin schooled Midge in the art of dealing with the junkman. "You find fault with it, see. Act as if you wouldn't give it house room at any price."

Midge, honest to the bone, looked troubled. "But I can't lie about it, Tin."

"There's always something about everything you don't like—a scratch, or a dent, or something."

The ironmonger's store, under the elevated, was the dingiest hole Midge had ever penetrated. A bent little man, as rusty looking as the old iron about him, emerged from its cavernous depths. At sight of Quentin he shrugged his



Illustrated by MERLE REED

disgust. "Oh, it's you again! I ain't nothin' more to donate, not if we was bein' bombed ourselves."

"Of course not," agreed Quentin cheerfully. "You were very generous. I'm here as a customer this time."

"A customer, eh?" The junkman's hands grated as he rubbed them together expectantly. "And what could I favor you with?"

"Got any good secondhand pot-bellied stoves?"

"Tin," protested Midge, "we don't want—" She checked herself remembering his game and added, "I don't think I'd like it."

"Why for should you say you don't think you would like what you ain't yet seen?" protested the man.

Quentin had worked his way toward the back of the shop and called, "What do you want for this miserable little tin stove?"

"You ain't maybe meanin' the Franklin stove?" shrieked the owner. "Why, everybody's after them! That one has real brass trimmings, it has. As a bargain I would let it go for fifty dollars."

"Give you five dollars," offered Quentin, and Midge knew they were off to a good start. She inched her way between old iron ranges and water boilers to get a view of the stove. Quentin was dickering for.

"That rusty box with a tin front! There must be some mistake. Del would be furious."

She caught Quentin's eye and shook her head. "Never mind, Tin. Now I've seen it, I don't like it. Mother wouldn't, either. I'm sure of that."

The salesman came down to thirty dollars, the purchaser went up to eight. Tin didn't believe her! He thought she was acting.

"I'm not fooling, Tin," she insisted. "I had no idea it would be so homely. Come on, forget it."

"Twenty-five," coaxed the man, ignoring her. "And I wish I could buy a hundred at that price, myself."

Quentin went up to ten dollars.

Midge realized she must do something quickly, or it would be too late. "Come outside a minute, Tin. I want to tell you something." And she yanked him toward the door of the shop.

"Okay, Midge." He turned to the ironmonger. "I'm buying it for this girl, and if she doesn't like it—"

"That's what I'm telling you," she wailed. "It's rusty and dingy!"

"If you was to look for a lifetime you would never find a more better Franklin stove," protested the man, following them.

"It's fifteen dollars, delivered, or out we go," Quentin called over his shoulder.

The dealer's laugh of scorn calmed Midge's forebodings. She had the door open and one foot on the sill when she felt Quentin being torn from her grasp. The door slammed between them and was held shut by the ironmonger's bent back. Through the smoky glass she saw Quentin hand over the money—and ten dollars of it had been meant for warm underwear!

Tin hadn't realized she was in earnest. That's what happened when you didn't act in a straightforward manner. She mustn't tell him, now it was too late. He'd only been trying to help.

"You'd make a swell actress, Midge," he praised as they stalked off toward the subway.

"It's a good bargain, do you think, Tin?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world it is! Wait until we've painted it and polished the brass."

MRS. BENNETT was out, fortunately, when the stove was delivered the next day, and true to Quentin's predictions it looked so much better after the renovation that Midge's enthusiasm almost equaled Adele's.

That evening Mr. Bennett had another conference with Midge. "Did you buy the—er—things for your mother?"

"Yes, Dad, guaranteed to keep her warm." She grinned broadly. "Tin's coming to dinner, as a sort of celebration."

"But my gift to your mother is hardly suitable for a public presentation," smiled Mr. Bennett.

"That's all right," she told him. "Just wait and see."

Quentin allowed himself plenty of time for the installation, and once Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were well out of the house on Saturday, he and Midge carried the stove upstairs and set it on the square of zinc between the windows.

"Really, children, the effect is stunning—and I'm not saying it because I'm one of the donors!" Adele paused to pat the stovepipe, black as patent leather. "I'm going to phone the crowd this minute and invite them over tomorrow night."

Quentin removed the picture above the stove, and with a hammer tapped for the opening.

"Seems to be here, and that's the logical place." He hesitated, chisel in hand. "How about it, Midge? Shall I strike the decisive blow?"

Midge looked at the fleckless wallpaper, shivered, and nodded. "Atta, boy! Can't eat an egg without breaking it."

The plaster fell in large hunks, larger than Quentin intended. "Never mind," he reassured. (Continued on page 45)

JOBS *in*

By SALLY E. KNAPP



Photographs by courtesy of Pan American Airways



LEFT: A GIRL MECHANIC IN A METAL SHOP DRILLING OUTLETS. ABOVE: A "DRAFTSMAN" WHO HAS BEEN SPECIALLY TRAINED STUDIES BLUEPRINTS OF PART OF AN AIRPLANE

WOULD you like to help your country win this war? Thousands of girls are doing so in the most vital industry in the United States today. Aviation offers an opportunity to girls to help win a victory and at the same time prepare themselves for a secure position when the conflict is over. After the war there will be thousands of new planes, new pilots, and new airports—and experts predict that commercial and private aviation will soar to heights undreamed of at the present time. Wouldn't you like a place in this fascinating and worth-while industry?

Some of you are probably planning to go to college, some will take secretarial courses or other special training after graduation, some will look immediately for jobs so as to become self-supporting in the shortest possible time; others are still in doubt about their plans for the future. For each of you there is a place in the field of aviation.

Perhaps you are interested in a career, perhaps only in a temporary position; you may have special mathematical and mechanical ability, or figures may bore you; you may wish to fly, or prefer to keep your feet firmly on the ground; you may like to work alone, or as part of a team—but it makes no difference. Aviation offers opportunities to girls of many varied interests and abilities. If you are interested in doing a valuable piece of work and enjoy association with people who are enthusiastic about their jobs and have a firm belief in what they are doing, you can find satisfaction in a job in aviation.

Girls in aviation positions fall into two general groups: those who fly the planes and those who help others to fly. Since the great majority are those behind the scenes without whose efforts no one would fly, let us consider first the requirements and preparation necessary for these positions.

Meteorology, the science of weather prediction, is vital to the aviation industry since it has probably done more to prevent loss of life and property

than any other branch. It has contributed beyond measure to making air transportation the scientifically accurate and safe industry that it is today. So important are the findings of meteorologists in this war that the Government has imposed a strict censorship upon all weather predictions which might fall into the hands of the enemy and be of help to them in planning air attacks and sea maneuvers. The days of guesswork and superstition regarding weather forecasting are gone; today it is an exact science, requiring knowledge of winds, clouds, barometer readings, icing conditions, conditions pro-

Photograph below by courtesy of American Airlines, Inc.



ABOVE: SIX OF A GROUP OF BUSINESS GIRLS CALLED THE "LADY-BIRDS" WHO ARE NOW TRAINING FOR AN AMERICAN VERSION OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE OF ENGLAND

LEFT: THIS GIRL HAS FOUND HER JOB IN THE RESERVATIONS DEPARTMENT OF ONE OF THE BIG AIRLINES

AVIATION

for Girls

Written by a woman flight instructor who knows from experience the opportunities for girls in aviation

moting rain, snow, storms, and clear weather, and many other meteorological elements. One Government meteorologist has said that they must be accurate in their forecastings at least eighty per cent of the time in order to hold their positions, so it would seem that the old jokes about the weather man being more wrong than right have no basis in fact. Besides these Government positions for girls secured through civil service examinations, there are jobs for women with the airlines and some private airports also.

If this seems interesting to you, find out more about it. The Civil Aeronautics Authority publishes an inexpensive pamphlet (approximately fifty cents) which you may have by writing to the Bureau of Documents, Washington, D. C. This explains clearly and in detail just what meteorology consists of. Physics and mathematics are important tools for the meteorologist and, if you are interested, take as much of these subjects as you can while still in school. After that there are many special courses in meteorology given in colleges, universities, and other institutions, varying from condensed six month courses to four-year curriculums for a degree. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, The University of Chicago, University of California at Los Angeles, and New York University are a few of the institutions offering these



Army Air Force Photograph

THESE FOUR WOMEN WERE SOME OF THE FIRST TO GO IN FOR TRAINING TO FILL MEN'S JOBS AS FERRY PILOTS

courses. It is also possible to go directly from high school into the field as an apprentice, or assistant to a qualified meteorologist, in one of the airline offices. This type of position, combined with evening courses, is ideal for the girl who plans a career in the field, but must seek employment upon graduation from high school. Like all the branches of aviation, this is a rapidly growing field, but it stands to reason that the more training one has, the better will be her chances for advancement and increased income. A qualified meteorologist should expect to start at a salary of about \$1800 a year.

All of the airline companies, municipal and Government airports, and many of the private fields employ radio or traffic control operators, a position to which women have only very recently been admitted. Pan American Airways appointed a girl to this position only a few months ago, and one girl radio operator is with the Army signal corps. Here again a background of physics and mathematics is desirable, followed by a special course. All you need for a start, however, is a



ABOVE: THIS LINK TRAINER INSTRUCTOR DIRECTS A FLIGHT TRAINER BY SIMULATING THE ACTUAL FLIGHT CONDITIONS AN AIRPLANE PILOT WOULD BE LIKELY TO ENCOUNTER EN ROUTE

Photographs by courtesy of Pan American Airways



RIGHT: A MECHANIC WORKS ON AN ENGINE JIG IN THE HANGAR AT THE MARINE BASE, LA GUARDIA FIELD, NEW YORK CITY, HOME OF THE GREAT TRANSATLANTIC CLIPPER SHIPS

third class operator's license, secured very simply by passing a test given by the Communications Commission. Material for study can be obtained from the Bureau of Documents. The air traffic control operator's job consists of controlling traffic at the airport and along the airways. It may be a civil service position, or for an airline company. Salaries are similar to those paid beginning meteorologists.

Several girls have become Link Trainer Instructors in recent months. The "Link" is an apparatus resembling an airplane, which does not fly but is equipped with radio and in-



ABOVE: GIRL MECHANICS IN A HANGAR SHOP HELP IN THE REPAIRING AND SERVICING OF VITAL AIRPLANE PARTS

RIGHT: ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE SOFT, FEMININE VOICES, THESE TWO RADIO OPERATORS ARE HEARD IN FAR-AWAY AFRICA WHEN THEY TALK TO AIRPLANE PILOTS ON DUTY IN THAT CONTINENT



BELOW: TRANSATLANTIC PASSENGER SERVICE GIRLS WELCOME THOSE WHO ARRIVE BY CLIPPER AND HELP THEM TO FEEL AT HOME IN THIS COUNTRY

spend four years studying for a degree—then you may become an airplane designer, or aeronautical engineer, with special training in aeronautical science. There are not many girls in these positions, but one woman engineer helped to design the O-57 reconnaissance and liaison plane now used by the Army. Their job is to try to determine why an airplane flies and how to make it fly better. They are masters of the slide rule, the blueprint, and mathematical calculations.

A number of women are ground school instructors and teach the subjects of meteorology, navigation, civil air regulations, and the care and servicing of aircraft, to prospective pilots who must pass written examinations in these subjects in order to obtain pilot licenses. These girls have taken special courses, of about one year's duration, at an aeronautical institute, college, or university, and passed examinations given by the Civil Aeronautics Authority qualifying them to teach these subjects.

Many aviation jobs are really only additions to other fields or professions. For instance, an airplane stewardess or hostess is primarily a trained nurse, or has had special training in dietetics (in these war days with revised standards) and is secondarily a stewardess. The standards for these girls as to height, weight, age, and experience are not so rigid now as in pre-war days when only about one per cent of all applicants were accepted. If you are planning to be a nurse upon graduation from high school and think you would enjoy air travel, investigate more thoroughly the qualifications and duties of

an air hostess—it may be a position that you would thoroughly enjoy. Such a job is interesting and well paid.

If you have a well rounded personality, poise, a pleasant speaking voice, and can speak at least one foreign language fluently, perhaps you would like to apply for a position as a transatlantic passenger service girl. Your duty then would be to meet passengers as they arrive on the clipper from South America, or Europe, or any other country or continent, to greet them in their own tongue, make them feel at ease, and help

Photographs on this page by courtesy of United Air Lines and Pan American Airways System

struments to simulate blind flying conditions. The instructor controls it from an outside table, while the student tries to work out flight problems in the trainer. To have had actual flying experience in this job is desirable but not essential, as link operators are trained on the job. Salaries start at \$100 or more a month in most airline companies.

There is a great deal in the papers these days about women going into factories and plants, doing mechanical work formerly done by men. This is particularly true in aviation. Some are mechanics helping in the maintenance of airplanes, some are welders, inspectors, assemblers, instrument makers, or teachers; others are fabric sewers and parachute makers. There are many schools offering special intensive training to fit girls quickly for these jobs in the war effort. If you have a certain amount of manual dexterity and like to work with your hands, this type of position may be just the one for you. Team play is important and only a girl not easily bored by repetition, or odd hours of work, would be happy and satisfied with this type of work. Ability to pay a great deal of attention to detail is another prime requisite. The demand for these workers is very great today and the salaries, usually paid on an hourly basis, are excellent, varying of course with the amount of skill and training required for a particular job.

Suppose you want a career in this type of work enough to



them through the routine of arrival and getting settled here. This is a specially picked group and the position is interesting and pays well.

There are many secretarial positions in aviation where the only requirement in addition to secretarial training is a knowledge of aeronautical terms which is easily acquired. This is true of public relations work, editorial and literary work, salesmanship, telephone reservation (Continued on page 42)

THE SILVER CACTUS

By
MARGUERITE
ASPINWALL

*Chloe found a hobby
in the desert—but
she did not know it
would bring her luck*



"IF I'D KNOWN YOU
WERE EXPECTING HER,
I'D HAVE TOLD YOU
WHAT HAS HAPPENED"

THEY first saw the girl they were to know as Chloe Ransome in the old mission church on the reservation of the Papago Indians near Tucson. She was seated at the far end of the worm-eaten wooden pew, with a stolid little Papago boy between her and the three MacCloughs, who were nearer the aisle.

Daffy noticed her first because her voice rose so clear and flutelike above the slightly discordant mixed singing of the Indian congregation.

Sandy noticed her—as any normal eighteen-year-old would—because she was an exceptionally pretty girl, with those dark, heavy braids wound about her head, and that warm, dusky red in her cheeks. He noticed, too, that the hand she laid on the little Indian's shoulder was well shaped and nicely cared for, with an odd silver ring on the third finger that showed two arms of the saguaro cactus holding a piece of milk-white jade like a lovely white flower.

Sandy's eyes narrowed in quick interest. The children of Alexander MacClough of the well known New York jewelers, *MacClough & Company*, had had many opportunities to know and appreciate fine craftsmanship in the silversmith's art. Sandy knew at once that he was looking at something unusual now.

Jon saw Sandy's glance go to the girl's hand and linger there, and his own eyes followed his brother's. But unlike Sandy, Jon was more struck with the strength and gentleness of her hand than with the ring, as she lifted the Indian child to his feet, to let him see the priest's gorgeous scarlet-and-gold embroidered vestments.

The little Papago stared solemnly toward the high altar, his black eyes round and unwinking. Then he said in a piping voice that carried above the priest's intoning, "Chloe—see!"

The girl's eyes, dark blue and deep lashed, met Jon's over

the child's head, and they smiled simultaneously. She hushed the boy with light fingers against his cheek, and they heard her whisper, "No, no, Pimi! We don't talk in church."

They couldn't help being curious about her, apparently alone in that place and company. Yet she seemed at home, and to the little boy she had called Pimi she was obviously a familiar and beloved figure.

Besides the MacCloughs, there were perhaps four other white people, tourists like themselves, present in the church. Arriving in Arizona the day before with their father, the twins and Daffy had been wild to begin sightseeing. Someone at the hotel had mentioned how interesting the Sunday morning services were in the old mission church which dated back to the end of the sixteenth century, and they had rented the hotel car and come to San Xavier.

The church itself was interesting, for it had been through Indian uprisings, had been burned and rebuilt, and even the present structure was nearly three hundred years old. But it was the colorful congregation which caught the imaginations of the young New Yorkers.

The women had brought their children with them, even babies so little they had to be carried in their mothers' arms. If the babies cried, or the littlest children slipped down from

the hard pews and wandered about, nobody minded—the service and the singing went on quite undisturbed. Also it seemed to be customary for the women to come to church in garishly brilliant silks and sleazy satins.

When the service was over, the MacCloughs followed the slowly moving throng down the aisle and out into the bright desert sunshine. The Indians were collected here and there in small groups, talking. The children, aware of strangers, hung shyly about their mothers' voluminous skirts.

Daffy, who had brought her kodak, was preparing to take some snapshots, when the girl with the cactus ring came out of the church, Pimi holding fast to her hand.

Daffy spun about toward them. "He's such a darling—and he's the first Indian baby I've seen," she said coaxingly. "Would you mind if I took his picture?"

Pimi, evidently realizing what the black box in Daffy's hand meant, uttered a wail of protest.

"Please," Chloe said in an apologetic voice, "would you mind—not? Maybe you don't know, but Indians hate having their pictures taken. They never let you snap them if they see you in time."

"Oh!" Daffy said, disappointed. "But it's all right to take the church, isn't it?"

The other girl nodded, smiling. She pointed out one or two specially good places from which effective photographs of the old building might be snapped.

The twins drew nearer, anxious to break into the conversation, but before they could contrive this naturally, Chloe had smiled a friendly good-by and, taking Pimi by the hand, had turned away and left them. They saw her join some other Indian children, and then the whole group walked over to an antiquated Ford that stood a few yards from the mission gate, climbed in, and rolled away with noisy puffings.

"She's one mighty swell looking girl," Sandy said. "I wonder if that silver ring with the white jade was Indian work. Usually their designs are more—along a conventional pattern. And they use mostly native turquoises."

"I wish Dad could have seen it," Daffy murmured. "It was unusual."

"So was the girl unusual," Jon put in with a grin.

They continued to discuss her on the way back to the hotel, but, arrived there, they were caught up into the new, exciting vacation life they had found in Arizona, and the girl with the serious blue eyes, the strange cactus ring, and the puzzling relationship to the Indian children, was temporarily forgotten.

There was so much that was utterly different to see and to do. Their background had consisted of an apartment in New York City, boarding school in New England for the twins, a day school for Daffy, and summers in Westchester County.

Then this year, in February, the Hanover School where Jon and Sandy were seniors, was closed suddenly for a period of several weeks owing to an outbreak of scarlet fever. Mr. MacClough's own business was slack at this season, so rather than have the boys at loose ends in the city, he determined to take them on a "seeing America" tour, which should include the Arizona desert, the Grand Canyon, Hollywood, San Francisco, and home by air.

Daffy protested. Just because everyone managed to keep well in *her* school, was it fair to leave her out of the most gorgeous trip anyone had ever planned? She'd even be willing to tutor next summer to make up anything she might lose by being out of school.

In the end, of course, Daffy went.

Instead of spending the week they had allotted to Tucson in the city itself, Mr. MacClough had engaged rooms at the Hacienda Del Sol—a fine hotel set in its own irrigation-made gardens, right out on the desert.

From that as a starting point, they had planned short trips



PIMI, EVIDENTLY REG-
COGNIZING THE BLACK
BOX, UTTERED A WAIL
AND CLUNG TO CHLOE

to dude ranches nearby, to the Indian Reservation, picnics up in the mountains that completely encircle the Tucson desert, and even a day's drive to the quaint border town of Nogales in Old Mexico.

No wonder, with so much that was new and thrilling on their minds, they forgot to tell their father at dinner about the attractive girl and her silver cactus ring. Two or three days passed before they thought of her again, and then one morning Daffy and the twins, on their way to the corral for a before-breakfast ride, ran full into Chloe herself crossing the patio.

Daffy hailed her gaily.

"Hello, there! What are *you* doing here so early? Are you staying in the hotel, too?"

"No, I had an early errand here," Chloe said pleasantly. She nodded to the patio entrance where stood the same battered Ford they had noticed before the old mission.

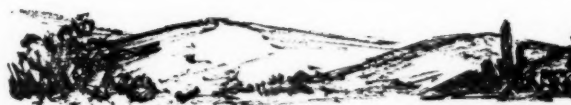
Seeing how friendly all three smiling faces were, she lingered a moment, her expression a trifle wistful. "Is this your first visit to Tucson? I heard you being so enthusiastic about the mission on Sunday, and the desert and the views."

"Our very first," Daffy agreed. "And are we crazy about it all! May I introduce myself and my brothers? I'm Daphne MacClough, and this is Jon—and the red-headed one's Sandy. Really, he's Alexander junior, for Daddy."

A surprising change came over the girl's face. She lost her pretty color so completely that even the twins noticed something was wrong.

"Oh, how do you do? I'm Chloe Ransome," she tried to say easily—and failed. "I am awfully glad you like my country. But I have to rush off now, or I'll be late for breakfast and Grandfather will worry."

With a forced smile, she turned and literally ran for her car. The engine roared, and in a spurt of sand she was gone.



Illustrated by RUTH KING

"Why, she seemed scared," Sandy said, looking from his sister to Jon. "Did you say something, Daff?"

Daffy shook her head. "I can't think what—I just introduced us, and we talked about liking Arizona."

They discussed the small mystery at intervals during their morning's ride, but were no nearer a solution by the time they returned to the hotel.

To their surprise, their father sat at the table surrounded by a quite untouched breakfast, studying a small white pasteboard box with the intent look they recognized as his "business face."

Daffy dropped into her chair. "What have you there, Daddy?" she asked curiously, and then caught her breath and lifted startled eyes to the two boys beside her.

Mr. MacClough took something out of the box and laid it impressively in her slim hand. "Look at something very beautiful, Daffy, that has dropped out of nowhere onto our breakfast table," he said.

It was the silver cactus ring Chloe Ransome had worn in church on Sunday!

"Where did you find it?" Daffy asked. "Because I—we—" she stopped as Sandy's big foot pressed down on hers, and Jon's head was shaken ever so faintly in warning.

Fortunately Mr. MacClough had not noticed.

"It was on the breakfast table, right on top of my napkin," he said, frowning. "Addressed to me—you can see the wrapping paper over there! Nobody seems to know how it came here. The head waiter doesn't know, nor our waitress, nor any of the bus boys."

"It doesn't make sense," Daffy protested, glancing uneasily at each of her brothers in turn.

Her father said, "It looks like some sort of practical joke—or would if this ring weren't so valuable. Well, put it away and eat your breakfast."

After breakfast the three young people fell into hot discussion of their mystery. "Why didn't you want me to tell Daddy we'd seen it before?" Daffy demanded.

"I'm not quite sure," Jon admitted. "But I can't help believing that girl has a reason. Something's going to follow this first move. And it seemed mean to spoil her show, whatever it may be."

"I can make a guess now at Miss Chloe's sudden retreat this morning," Sandy chuckled. "Everything was hunky-dory till Daffy introduced us as MacCloughs. Get it? If she had been in the hotel making arrangements to have the ring smuggled to Dad's table, it must have been a shock to find we were his children. She'd know, of course, that we had seen the ring on her hand in church."

For the rest of the day the three went about in a state of suppressed excitement. But nothing at all happened that afternoon, or in the evening. At lunch and at dinner they had stared expectantly at their table the moment they entered the dining room. But there was nothing on it that is not usual on well appointed hotel tables.

By common consent the twins and Daffy gave up their before-breakfast gallop the following morning, just in case—and this time they were not to be disappointed.

A long narrow box lay beside their father's plate.



Daffy suppressed a squeal, as she slid into her chair and watched with eager eyes while Mr. MacClough opened the package. He was tantalizingly slow about untying the string. "Oh, heck, Dad, cut it!" Sandy groaned, and offered a steel knife.

His father smiled. "No, patience is good for you," he observed, and then, in a different tone, "Ah! Look at this, youngsters."

He lifted out a shining chain formed of tiny, handwrought flaps of the prickly pear cactus, growing one out of the other to form a long, flexible ribbon of silver.

The workmanship was exquisite, the characteristics of the familiar desert plant faithfully portrayed, and the whole thing unusual in design.

"This is real artistry," Mr. MacClough declared in delight, examining each small link with critical attention. "But what does it mean, children?"

"Look, Dad, there's a piece of paper under the cotton," Jon said, leaning nearer.

"By George, so there is!" his father ejaculated, and snatched at the folded blue oblong quite as enthusiastically as Daffy would have done.

Spreading it out, he read aloud the firm, slightly angular handwriting. It was a long letter, and a surprising one:

"Dear Mr. MacClough:

"Will you forgive me for being deliberately dramatic in an attempt to get for my work a little closer inspection than you might otherwise give it?

"If there is anything you honestly like about the workmanship and design of these two pieces you have seen, will you read this note through?

"I am the granddaughter (Continued on page 43)

NORUMBEGA ~



LEFT: THIS MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION WAS ENVISIONED BY CASPAR PLAUTIUS IN "NOVA TYPIS TRANSACTA NAVIGATIO," A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BOOK ABOUT THE MONKS WHO WENT WITH COLUMBUS ON HIS SECOND VOYAGE TO THE NEW WORLD

BELOW: NEW WORLD INDIANS CLOTHED WITH DEERSKINS AND CARRYING BOWS AND ARROWS, LURE REAL DEER WITHIN RANGE. AS ILLUSTRATED BY THEODORUS DEBRY IN ONE OF THE TWENTY-FIVE CURIOUS OLD VOLUMES OF VOYAGES IN THE INDIES



TOWARD the close of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards' search for golden kingdoms in the northern continent of the New World was well known in England. Then a sailor named David Ingram returned from the Western World with a tale of having wandered on foot a long way in that continent, where he had seen a marvelous country which he called Norumbega.

Several Englishmen before him, to say nothing of Frenchmen and navigators from other countries, had told of this rich kingdom, Norumbega, though some declared it a wealthy city and some a place of rich mines, while there were others who insisted it was a river bedded with golden nuggets. But all were more or less agreed that Norumbega lay south of the Newfoundland fishing banks, where many boats then went yearly. On different maps Norumbega was shown in different places, though usually it was located in some portion of what we now call New England.

It went almost without saying that such a place must have a mighty lord or lords over it, and Ingram brought definite word concerning such New World rulers. The kings of the Western World, he declared, might always be recognized by the quantities of precious stones they wore. Moreover, such a lord was always carried in a chair of silver or crystal garnished with jewels, while his nobles wore feathers in their hair "as big as a goose of russett colour." Women, he said, wore plates of gold like corsets, many bracelets, and chains of great pearls.

The returned traveler mentioned other and simpler things such as palm trees, plentiful grass, a grain bearing ears the size of a man's arm, grapes as big as one's thumb, and "roses and gilliflowers like those in England." He said there were elephants in the land, and told of sheep with red wool.



Photographs by courtesy of the Library of Congress

Ingram's report of Norumbega was like a fanfare of trumpets preceding the entrance of the English settlers to the New World. Elizabeth's court was atwitter with excitement. "No doubt," declared the courtiers about the Queen, "Norumbega is the very place which Madoc, the Welsh Prince, found. It appears to be a kingdom most fitting for such a one."

Most fitting, according to Ingram's description! "The banquet halls have pillars of silver and crystal, while the cups and household vessels are of silver. Lumps of gold, the size of men's fists, roll on the beds of the rivers, together with rubies four inches long.

"As for pearls, they are plentiful in every house; quart bottles are filled with them, and often they are tossed like so many packs of grain in the corners. While back of Norumbega lies another sea."

"Another sea?"

"Ah!"

This report of another sea was most interesting. For Francis Drake had just duplicated the feat of one of Ma-

FABULOUS LAND of JEWELS

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

gellan's ships and sailed around the world. On the western coast of North America he had been solemnly crowned by the Indians. He had named the country New Albion, and he had nailed upon a post a plate engraved with the name of the Queen, together with a sixpence beneath it whereon was shown her Majesty's coat of arms. This post Drake left for the Indians to worship, and continued on his journey in the



NATIVES WORSHIPPING A COLUMN BEARING QUEEN ELIZABETH'S COAT OF ARMS AS SET UP BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE IN THE NEW WORLD. FROM THEODORUS DEBRY'S VOYAGES TO THE INDIES

Golden Hind which was filled to overflowing with Spanish treasure, loot seized along the western coasts of South America.

According to Ingram's report, it appeared that the people of Norumbega knew all about that "other sea" which Drake had navigated. This knowledge indicated plainly enough, it was thought, that a passage existed to it through Norumbega.

Now the English had long hoped to find a short route to Cathay. Indeed a company, known as the *Company of Cathay*, had been formed in England for the very purpose of discovering a way to sail around North America. This hoped-for way was known as the Northwest Passage, and Englishmen were inclined to believe that a strait of some sort must exist.

For one thing, Sir Humphrey Gilbert had proved it to them, seemingly beyond dispute, in a long discourse—proved it, at least, on paper. Among the many whom he had persuaded to his point of view was his young half-brother, Walter Raleigh.



SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, HALF-BROTHER OF WALTER RALEIGH, WHO SET SAIL FOR NORUMBEGA, HOPING TO REACH FAR CATHAY. BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

In his *Discourse to prove a Passage by the Northwest to Cathay*, Sir Humphrey had advocated for the first time a settlement for England in the New World. His suggestion was that such a settlement be composed of "needie people" who troubled the commonwealth. He thought the colony might serve as a sort of half-way station for Englishmen journeying to the Orient by way of the Northwest Passage—which Gilbert was so certain must exist.

Had not Atlantis, he inquired, ever been known as an island? And was not America of necessity part of the lost kingdom of Atlantis of which Plato had written? He spoke, too, of the report that Coronado, passing by Cibola through the country of Quivira, had found, or heard, of a great sea where the mariners wore pictures of birds on their heads, pictures made of silver and gold. Just what this meant, Gilbert did not say; he left it to the reader to conclude that such mariners must have been Orientals.

But Ingram's story and Drake's return were to change both the manner of Gilbert's dreaming and the history of England. It may be well, therefore, to pause and turn back the pages of history to consider for a little this man whose dreaming turned out to be so important.

HUMPHREY GILBERT was a member of a noble family in Devon, a family tracing its lineage back to the Norman Conquest. All men in Devon, it seemed, had salt water mixed with the blood in their veins, so strongly were they drawn to the sea. And Humphrey Gilbert was no exception, though until rather late in life he was only an armchair sailor.

This was due largely to the fact that the better part of his life had been spent in service for Queen Elizabeth. He had become a member of her household at an early date, presumably as a page, when there seemed faint possibility that she would ever become Queen. When she did acquire the crown, Elizabeth used Gilbert's services freely, knowing that she could depend on him to carry (Continued on page 36)

A DEEP LAID PLAN

By FRANCIS FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

How are you? Fine, I hope. How is school? Ours is horibly dull, but we have fun at Scout meetings. Our troop is collecting and reconditioning clothes for the Red Cross. I have learned how to darn socks, and they are not the least bit lumpy, either. Betty Forbes has darned more socks than any of us. She is a genius at darning, like Cousin Emmie.

I spent the night with Betty last Friday. You know her father is the tobacco man and they have millions of dollars. They have a new house. It is gorgeous and has six bathrooms in it. But the part I like best is the playroom which is in the basement. It has a billiard table and a ping-pong table and two card tables and an electric phonograph with millions of good records. It also has an electric stove and ice box, in case you get hungry. It has brown linoleum on the floor and yellow walls and brown-and-yellow checked curtains, very slick.

I wish we had a playroom. In fact my life is blited, as you say, because we have no place to play games. You know that all we can play in our living room is something about like checkers, or Old Maid. We could never have a ping-pong table in there, or dance without ruining the rug and breaking the things on the whatnot.

When I came home from Betty's, I asked Father if he would like to make me the happiest girl in Tennessee and he said he wouldn't object. So then I asked him to let us fix a playroom, sort of like Betty's. Father said suspiciously, "What's a playroom?" I told him what it was and he said, "Ruination, what will they think of next?" And he said I had better be wishing we had a bomb shelter, and that it was unpatriotic to be thinking about selfish pleasures, and it was no time for play, anyway, but for work.

So then I said, "You can work in a playroom, Father. Betty and I darned a whole basket of socks in her playroom last night. And it will save our living room from wear and tear. And it will also be a good influence on Tommy, to keep him off the streets." (Of course, Tommy isn't on the streets, he is mostly in the barn loft with the Deadly Dozen, or trapping for skunks, but anyway he might become a loafer, don't you think so?)

Father said it was ridic to talk about spending money for such foolishness. I explained that it wouldn't cost much, because Tommy and I would do all the work of painting and papering and so on. But he only raved at that and said, "I can't stand wallpaper paste and turpentine fumes all over the house. I would go deranged, I tell you. It's bad enough, the way your mother tears the house limb from limb every spring, painting and papering and moving the furniture from cellar to attic, without you and Tommy starting another uproar at this time of the year."

Pat Downing wanted a playroom more than anything in life—but even she didn't guess what a time she'd have getting it

"I promise you, Father," I said, "we would work as quietly as two mice. We would keep the doors shut tight so the smell of paint would not get all over the house." But he ignored me from then on. I wish you would write him and tell him to please let us do it, because I have never wanted anything so much in all my life. Mother is staying at Granny's a week because Granny is sick again. When she comes home, I will ask her. She will help us manage Father, I hope, I hope, I hope.

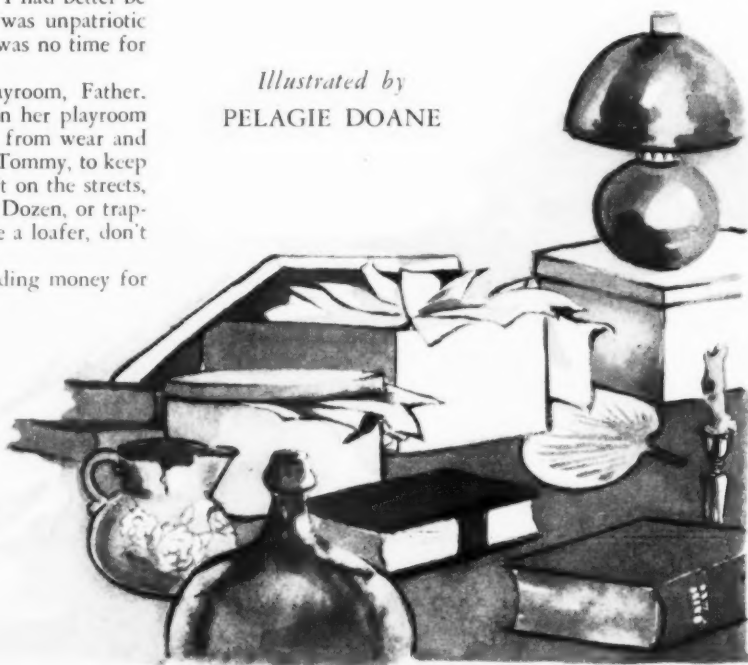
*Your loving sister,
Patricia Downing*

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Guess what? Mother said she would try to fix a place for us to have a playroom. We can't have it in our basement, as you know, on account of it is full of canned fruit and sweet potatoes and the wash tubs and Tommy's work bench, et cetera. (That means "and so forth.") When I am married, I will not live in a farmhouse. There is too much impedimenta. (That is a Latin word I learned. It used to mean a soldier's baggage, but now it means anything that is in everybody's way.) Tommy says the attic would be swell, but it is so dark with only the two little windows at each end, and so hot in summer. Besides, it is bursting with things. Mother said maybe we could put in two dormer windows on each side, but I guess if we asked Father to do that he would have a convulsun, wouldn't he?

*Your loving sister,
Patricia Downing*

*Illustrated by
PELAGIE DOANE*



DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Whee, I am tired! Today Tommy and I cleaned the attic. Mother said we could give a lot of the things up there to the Red Cross and the Salvation Army, as it is now wicked to hoard things anyhow. Mother is a very accomidating woman, don't you think so?

We stacked hundreds of magazines, and Tommy and some of the boys took them on bicycles to the Scout house, because Tommy's troop sells waste paper and buys defense stamps with it. Then we took a carload of old clothes to the Red Cross. Do you remember my blue coat with the brass buttons that I was so wild about? We took it. In a way I hated to part with it, but I didn't complain. War is war. I want to help win it.

Mother called the secondhand man, and he came and bought our old coal-oil lamps and flat irons and other stuff we had up there. We got eleven dollars for it, so Mother said we could spend that on our playroom, three cheers. Isn't that simply super? We are going to have the old phonograph repaired and buy some records with part of the money. Then we are going to buy red paint for the floor and white for the walls, and get red-white-and-blue curtains. It will look very patriotick when it is all finished, don't you think so?

If only Father will consent to have the dormer windows put in, I will die of joy. Otherwise all is lost. Because it won't be nearly so cute with electric lights. And also we will be barbecued in summer. We haven't mentioned the windows to Father as yet. We are like the little mice who wanted to put a tinkling bell on the cat's neck. No one wants the job.

"WE FOUND A PILE OF WASTE PAPER AND OLD MAGAZINES AND ABOUT A CARLOAD OF OLD CLOTHES AND COAL-OIL LAMPS AND FLAT IRONS AND OTHER STUFF"

You wouldn't want to write to him about it, would you? You are very tactful, and anyway Father is always so pleased when we get a letter from you. He might not rave at all if you asked him.

Your loving sister,
P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

You should have been here last night—but I guess you shouldn't have been here, either. It might have scared you to death. We came home from church and it was raining in torrents and the wind was blowing hard. We ran into the house and we let Topper in, because you know how he is about storms. He was scratching (Continued on page 32)





ABOVE: JOAN LESLIE AT A STUDIO CAFE EATS A LUNCH OF CHEESE SOUFFLE, GREEN SALAD, ROLLS, AND COCOA

RIGHT: RODDY MCDOWALL AND HIS SISTER, VIRGINIA, ENJOY EGGS BAKED IN EGGPLANT, FOLLOWED BY A RICE PUDDING



DISHES for

The young Hollywood stars have their own favorite recipes—which are promptly passed on to you by a popular American Girl author



DOES anything look handsomer on a meat platter than a crisply browned turkey, filled with fragrant stuffing? Could any entree be more melting-in-the-mouth than a fluffy, golden-brown souffle with a texture like moist angel-food cake? Have you discovered the deliciousness of liver, kidneys, tongue, sweetbreads, and other nutritious "meat sundries"?

Although meat shortage has forced us to cut down our consumption of the familiar cuts of beef, veal, pork, lamb, and mutton, resourceful cooks can never complain of privation. Not when so many tempting main dishes can be made from fowl, fish, meat sundries, eggs, and cheese!

"The meatless days are turning out to be the best days of all," said Shirley Temple with a grin, as she told us about some of her favorite meat-substitute dishes. "I don't see why they should be called meat-substitutes, anyway," she added, "because we're allowed to eat plenty of poultry, and I wouldn't call turkey a substitute for anything! And then liver and heart, for instance—they make the best-ever meat dishes, don't you think?"

WE WEREN'T surprised that heart was a favorite with Shirley after trying several of her delicious heart recipes. Here they are for your scrapbook:

STUFFED VEAL HEARTS

Stuffing mixture:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 cup soft bread crumbs | 3 tablespoons melted butter or |
| 1 teaspoon salt | olcomargarine |
| 1/4 teaspoon powdered sage | 2 tablespoons minced onion |
| 2 small veal hearts | 2 tablespoons bacon fat or |
| 1 recipe stuffing mixture | other fat |
| 2 cups hot stewed tomatoes, seasoned | |

Directions:

1. Toss stuffing mixture together until well blended.
2. Wash hearts, removing clotted blood and the large veins and arteries.



LOIS RANSON, A STARLET, BREAKS INTO SONG AS SHE PREPARES EGGS BAKED IN CHEESE NESTS

3. Fill cavities of the hearts with stuffing, and sew or skewer them shut.
4. Melt bacon fat in a skillet, or heavy deep kettle; add the stuffed hearts which have been lightly floured, and brown them.
5. Put hearts in a baking dish, pour over them the hot seasoned tomatoes. Cover and bake in a slow oven of 275° for 3 hours. (Or you may cook the hearts with tomatoes in a heavy kettle on top of the stove. A Dutch oven, or kettle with a tight-fitting lid, should be used. Use a very low fire, and add more water, or tomato juice, if liquid begins to boil away.)
6. For variation, broth may be used instead of the stewed tomatoes. Just before serving, the liquid remaining with the hearts should be thickened for gravy.
7. Slice and serve on a hot platter, with gravy in a separate bowl. Garnish with parsley and pickled apricots or crab-apples. Serves 6.

MEATLESS DAYS

By

HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

HEART SCALOPPINI WITH BROWN RICE

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 beef heart | 1/2 to 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms |
| Flour | 2 teaspoons salt |
| 1 minced clove garlic | 1 1/2 cups hot, stewed tomatoes, strained |
| 1 minced onion | 1 cup finely diced carrots |
| 6 tablespoons bacon fat or other shortening | 1 cup hot water |
| Brown rice | |

Directions:

1. Wash, clean, and trim beef heart, cutting away the large veins and arteries. Cut into stew-sized pieces and roll in flour.
2. Melt the fat in a heavy skillet, add the garlic, onion, and floured pieces of heart. Brown quickly, without burning.
3. Turn contents of skillet into a large casserole, and add the mushrooms, salt, tomatoes (tomato juice may be used), carrots, and hot water.
4. Cover and cook in a slow oven of 275° for 3 hours, or until tender.
5. Brown rice may be put on to cook in top of a double boiler during the last hour of cooking. (Use 2 cups of boiling water to 1 cup of brown rice, and cook without removing the lid.)
6. Before serving the heart scaloppini, the gravy may be thickened with a little flour rubbed smooth with butter, if the gravy is not already thick enough. If flour is added, the gravy should be simmered on top of the stove for five minutes in a saucepan. The rice may be served separately, or moulded in a ring on a chop plate with the scaloppini in the center. Garnish with parsley. Serves 6 or 8 generously. (For 3 or 4, make 1/2 recipe.)

NOTE: The mushrooms may be omitted if desired. If you use mushrooms, however, don't pick them yourself unless you positively know the edible varieties. Buy cultured mushrooms, fresh or dried, at a reputable market.



ABOVE: BONITA GRANVILLE PUTS A GOLDEN SOUFFLE INTO THE OVEN, TO BAKE A NUTRITIOUS, APPETIZING DISH FOR LUNCHEON

RIGHT: A BIG, JUICY ROAST TURKEY IS WELCOMED BY BARBARA BRITTON AND HER FAMILY



LEFT: JEFF DONNELL BASTES A TURKEY FOR A GALA MEATLESS DAY DINNER. HER RECIPE FOR BREADED VEAL KIDNEYS IS DELICIOUS FOR ORDINARY MEATLESS DAYS



RIGHT: DEANNA DURBIN ENJOYS SLICED TONGUE, BEETS, SALAD, AND MILK AT THE STUDIO CAFE. ALTHOUGH TONGUE IS MEAT, IT'S NOT ONE OF THE SCARCE FOODS



JEFF DONNELL, the young Columbia starlet who made her first important screen appearance with Loretta Young and Brian Aherne in "A Night To Remember," also has some favorite recipes that utilize the lesser known meat sundries. You will want to try them. (Continued on page 48)

"IN WHICH WE SERV



LEFT: THE SENIOR SCOUTS OF DULUTH, MINNESOTA KNOW THAT ONE WAY TO SERVE IS TO MAKE THEMSELVES THE "HANDYWOMEN" AROUND THE HOUSE. THEY LEARN TO USE AND CARE FOR TOOLS



ABOVE: TWO SENIOR GIRL SCOUTS KEEP THE RED CROSS PRODUCTION ROOMS OPEN SATURDAY MORNINGS IN CORNING, NEW YORK. THEY DELIVER AND RECEIVE SEWING AND KNITTING, DO CLERICAL WORK, AND ANSWER TELEPHONES



Paul Parker photograph



ABOVE: THESE MACON, GEORGIA, SCOUTS HAVE MADE A STUDY OF NUTRITION. THEY ARE SHOWN CARRYING OUT ONE OF THEIR PROJECTS—PREPARING A MEAL THAT IS HEALTHFUL AND APPETIZING

LEFT: A SENIOR SERVICE SCOUT PROVES HER EFFICIENCY BY MAKING MINOR REPAIRS ON HER OWN BICYCLE — THEREBY SAVING MONEY AND MANPOWER, AND KEEPING SCARCE EQUIPMENT RUNNING WELL



GIRL SCOUT SERVICE

V as Senior Girl Scouts



RIGHT: A SENIOR GIRL SCOUT OF MADISON, WISCONSIN, SALUTES CONFIDENTLY BEFORE HER FLAG—SHE KNOWS UNCLE SAM NEEDS HER AND IS PROUD OF THE WORK THAT GIRL SCOUTS ARE DOING



P THE
SATUR-
THEY
TTING,
HONES



Paul Photograph



BELOW: A SENIOR SERVICE SCOUT AND HER TINY CHARGE SHOW MUTUAL ESTEEM AND UNDERSTANDING. BABY KNOWS HE'S IN GOOD HANDS

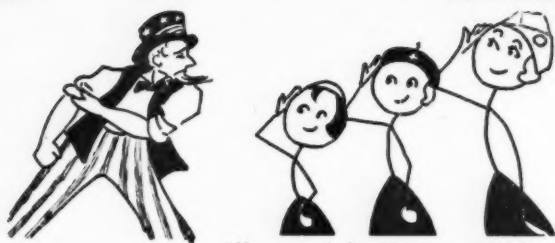


ABOVE: "WHAT DRESS FOR MATILDA?" SEEMS TO BE A QUESTION HERE—BUT THIS SENIOR SERVICE SCOUT HELPS THREE BROWNIES ENTRUSTED TO HER CARE SOLVE THE DIFFICULTY

LEFT: GIRL SCOUT SERVICE BUREAUS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE GETTING CALLS FOR HELP — AND THEY ARE BEING ANSWERED QUICKLY BY SENIOR SERVICE SCOUTS LIKE THESE



Paul Parker Photograph



Illustrated by FJERIL HESS

GIRL SCOUTS



REPORTING for duty!" Somewhere a Wave takes over a desk so a sailor can go to sea; somewhere a nurse begins night duty in a hospital ward; somewhere a canteen worker turns out to serve coffee to firemen fighting a big fire; somewhere a Waac reports for new duties at some Army post; somewhere an air raid warden answers the warning siren; somewhere a mother gets up in the night to answer a baby's cry; somewhere a mechanic begins the night shift at an airplane factory—everywhere women are "reporting for duty." Everywhere, too, there are girls in brown or green or blue who are "reporting for duty"—yes, six hundred thousand Girl Scouts are doing their bit for Uncle Sam in Hawaii, in Alaska, in the Canal Zone, in Maine and Tennessee, in Alabama and Idaho, and all over the country.

The jobs they do will prepare them to be better mothers, or Waves, or Waacs, or canteen workers, or mechanics, or nurses—better American citizens in the years to come, but they are also important as good jobs today!

The name "Girl Scout" is standing for something in many communities and the Girl Scout movement is taking its rightful place as an organization that "reports for duty" and does a good job. Waves, Waacs, A.W.V.S., and Girl Scouts all are a part of the vast army of women and girls who report for duty to Uncle Sam.

As you will see from the President's letter printed on these pages, the country is depending on each Girl Scout to "find her job and do it." The jobs may seem like little jobs, but when they are multiplied by lots of Girl Scouts, they make a big job! Then, too, these little jobs make it possible for older people to have time or energy to do bigger jobs that only grown-ups can do. When a Girl Scout "reports for duty," the job may not seem very glamorous or adventurous, but there are no jobs that are all glamour and adventure. Bombing crews train for months and plan for many hours for one mission that may be accomplished in five minutes. The job of a Girl Scout may seem no more ex-

citing to the girl herself than physical exercises seem to the soldier who does them to build himself up to be fit to do big things.

Girl Scout activities may range all the way from helping farmers, making cookies for service men, taking care of little children, to helping make their own homes V Homes, or making themselves physically fit, or learning to take care of themselves. There are almost as many ways for Girl Scouts to report for duty as there are girls to do it! Because there are so many ways, this "Reporting for Duty" page is being started, just for Girl Scouts. We hope to tell about activities that will help each of you to "find your job and do it"—that may be used in planning troop programs, or any Girl Scout activities. This will be a Girl Scout's own department of activities to do at home, in school, in troops, in communities. Perhaps you or your patrol or troops will want to send in suggestions about things you'd like to see on this page. THE AMERICAN GIRL will welcome your suggestions.

JUST wearing a trefoil pin, or a uniform, may make you look like a Girl Scout, but it does not mean that you are a good one! There must be *action* if Girl Scouts are to show the President that they are "finding their jobs and doing them." Let's consider some of the general things that Girl Scouts can do to be ready and able to do their jobs.

Just being willing to act is not enough; it takes work and practice to be qualified to help when the time comes to act. First aiders must practice bandaging, learn about cuts and bruises, know when to call for help; nurses' aides must practice and study to know what to do and how to do it to

be of real help to nurses; it's the same with Girl Scouts—they need to work, to study, to practice at the things they don't know how to do, so they can do good jobs as Girl Scouts.

In general, there are two parts to a Girl Scout's plan of action—one, *to be able to take care of herself*, and the other, *to be able to help other people*. In general, Girl Scouts carry out these two plans of action as individual people, or as members of their troops. They may carry them out at home, at school, in troops, or in their communities. At home and at school, the Girl Scout usually, though not always, acts as an individual; as a Girl Scout she may take more responsibility at home, help the family to make the home a V-Home, learn to cook, or to sew, so she can help her mother or take care of her own things. She may transfer many things she learns and enjoys in school or troop, to help make her home a happy home. In school she is a citizen of the school community; as a Girl Scout she may take an active and interested part in the school government, or school affairs. Home and school are very important parts of Uncle Sam's "Home Front," and there are very real jobs for girls to find and do there.

Troops are the places where Girl Scouts have the fun of working with other girls on things they like to do, or things they would like to know more about. Troop projects are practice grounds for many things that may be carried on in homes, in schools, and in communities. Service to other people may be in all of these places; through troop service and through Service Bureaus, Girl Scouts are



WALKING AND EXPLORING ARE PART OF THE WARTIME PROGRAM, TOO



NO MATTER WHAT YOUR JOB, WORKING WITH A WILL GETS IT DONE FASTER!

learning to know their communities, and to do their share in serving those communities.

How do you, as a Girl Scout, know how to go about finding these jobs, and doing them?

If you are a rather new Girl Scout and are wondering what kind of things you should do to make yourself better prepared for today, we suggest that you and your troop leaders go over the Second Class requirements, and see where you might like to start in sampling the ten kinds of activities that make up the second class program. As you sample, you can find many ways to learn to take care of yourself, or to help other people. You may do all of your second class with an emphasis on community service, for example:

REPORTING for DUTY

Conducted by the Program Division, Girl Scouts, Inc.



your troop might make safe toys for the children's ward of a hospital; or it might help newcomers in your neighborhood get acquainted by a meeting with games, or singing, or folk dancing; you might make posters, scrapbooks, or Christmas cards for your church, for men in the service, or for a hospital; you might practice taking messages on foot, or on your bicycle; you might begin plans for a Victory Garden, or for gathering flowers to distribute to shut-ins.

If you are a Second Class Girl Scout, you have already started on the way to accomplishing these two things; if you have earned a few badges, you have started; if your town has a Service Bureau, your troop may already be helping other people; if you are a Senior Girl Scout, you are well along the way. Girl

"report for duty" to Uncle Sam, before you progress to bigger things.

If you are thirteen or fourteen years old, you may have earned the right to wear these badges, and may be looking ahead to the time when you can be a Senior Scout, and do more extensive service. Badge projects are a fine way to help you grow into being a responsible Senior Scout. Most of the badges lead directly into the Wing Scout, the Mariner, or the various programs of the Senior Scouts. You are by no means marking time while you are older Girl Scouts in your own troops; you are the leaders of the ten- and eleven-year-olds. You are showing them the way, and you are a part of the biggest group of Girl Scouts! If you are not sure where to go next in your "reporting for duty" campaign, other badges related to these basic six will show good steps ahead; in this group may come some of these badges:—to help you grow more able to take care of yourself, Foods, Campcraft, Cyclist, My Country, or Junior Citizen, Handywoman; and to help you do a better job of helping others, Transportation and Communications, Public Safety, Child Care, and Home Nurse. Along with one of these, earn a badge in International Friendship, relating it to Australia, or South America, or Africa, or Iceland. In every project you'll find ways of serving which are related to the needs in your own community today.

If you are looking ahead to being a First Class Scout, you may want to sample a few of these badges, then decide upon a "major" field in which to concentrate.

If you are a Senior Girl Scout, you will find much in the Senior Service Scout program to help you take a responsible place in your community; you may be a Wing Scout, a Mariner, or you may choose a less specialized program. There are new developments in the Senior Service Scout program which will give Senior Scouts more opportunities to choose special training. Watch for new developments in the Senior program that should be out this spring. Your leader will get information about the new material as soon as it is published.

These are very definite suggestions of what Girl Scouts can do to take their places in the world today; they have to do with service and learning to stand on one's own feet. There are some other parts of the program that are very important and should be carried along in troop meetings. One of these is *fun!* The world needs people who can have a good time together, and more than ever it needs people who can make their good times themselves, make them without spending money. Folk dancing, singing, all kinds of games, crafts, reading, walking, exploring nature secrets—all these are part of a wartime program, too. Girl Scouts need to learn to do these things so they can help others, but they need to do them for their own fun, too! There is no need to ration the fun you make yourself!

Excerpt from a letter from the President of the United States to Mrs. Paul Rittenhouse, National Director, Girl Scouts, Inc.

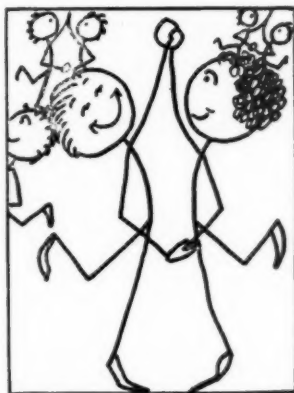
THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington

February 27, 1942

..... They (Girl Scouts) are important in time of peace but more important in time of war, for it is now that we need physical vigor, spiritual resourcefulness, and people developed in the intelligent understanding of democratic living. All of these have been and are the heart and sinew of your organization and its activities.

As we are marshalling our forces for defense on the home front we know that many Girl Scouts and former Girl Scouts are prepared, through their Scouting experience, to render valuable service to their communities and to their fellow citizens. I know each will find her job and do it.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) Franklin D. Roosevelt

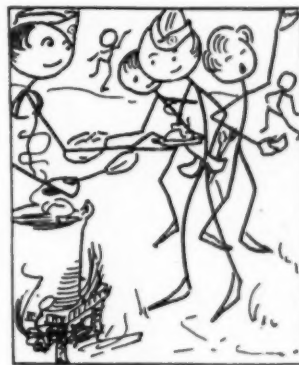


THE WORLD NEEDS PEOPLE WHO CAN GET TOGETHER AND MAKE THEIR FUN

Scout badges are symbols of preparedness—they show that a girl has put thought and practice into learning some of the first steps in taking care of herself, or in helping other people. Badges on a uniform sleeve, like air raid wardens' arm-bands, stand for knowledge and service. Badge projects are Girl Scout-sized "courses," just as courses for First Aid, or Air Raid precautions are courses for grown-ups. Senior Girl Scout projects carry badges further along the way of knowledge and service. If you have passed that Second Class stage, or if you and your fellow troop members are more interested in working at one particular subject, we suggest that you look up some of the badge projects that are especially good for helping you "be prepared" today. On this page are pictured six badges (Home Safety, Child Care, Personal Health, Outdoor Cook, First Aid, and My Community) that are basic to being a Girl Scout who is prepared today. Look up those projects in your Handbook and think over which would be a good starting point for yourself and your troop. If you can eventually wear these six badges on your sleeve, you can be sure you are living up to the President's letter, and that you are quite ready to

When the President talks about a need for "people developed in the intelligent understanding of democratic living"—he means just what your leader means when she suggests that you "talk things over," or "divide into committees," or "plan ahead what we'll be doing." This is one of the important points for which we are fighting a war—and good citizenship in a Girl Scout troop, or in school, or in your neighborhood, helps to keep it alive.

Does all this seem like a pretty big order? It certainly does—but everyone everywhere is taking on new jobs, bigger jobs! So, too, are the Girl Scouts—and whether it is at home, in school, in troop, or in the community, that Girl Scout trefoil, or Girl Scout uniform,



OUTDOOR COOKING IS A SKILL THAT IS USEFUL BOTH IN WAR AND PEACE

shows Uncle Sam and everyone else that the Girl Scouts are "reporting for duty."

The "American Girl" for February told of many types of service being done by Girl Scouts; it was a forerunner of the "Reporting for Duty" page. Next month we will tell how Girl Scouts will be "reporting for duty" to help produce and conserve food through our Farm Aide and Victory Gardens programs.

MEET the MALONES

Mr. Chips standing rigid, ears pricked forward. Mary Fred blinked the snow off her eyelashes, followed his gaze. She let out a shocked and frightened cry and pulled hard at the unwilling horse as she hurried forward.

Through the veil of snow several things leaped out at her. First the old red jalopy, owned jointly by her brother and his friend, Carleton Buell, was sitting sidewise in the road. And there was Johnny himself, picking up something from the ground. She came closer and saw the rest of the picture. A small truck with a Wyoming license had evidently been hit and the jolt had tipped an egg case out on the ground and tipped another over in the back of the truck. Eggs—that was what Johnny, looking miserable and unkempt and with the snow coating his black shock of hair, was picking up.

There had been an accident, that was unmistakable. The ghastly thing was that Johnny must have been driving—and Johnny was too young to have a driver's license.

A woman, crying, was sitting on the running board of the Wyoming car. She was holding her handkerchief to her mouth as though there was something about her teeth she wanted to hide.

SUDDENLY another figure—a young man, who must have been bending over on the other side of the truck—straightened up, and his hands, too, were full of eggs. Mary Fred stared at him. He looked a little like a picture of a cowboy in a rodeo advertisement, only more sober hued. He wasn't wearing a doeskin vest, plaid shirt, and fringed chaps, but you felt they belonged on him by the very swing of his body, the very far-sighted look in his blue eyes. He stooped over again to get some eggs that had rolled halfway under the truck.

Mary Fred could almost fill in the details of what had happened. For some reason Carleton; the lawful driver of the car, had been detained at school; and Johnny, all eagerness to put through his typewriter deal, had driven home, picked up his old typewriter and his savings, and set out for school so Carleton could drive him downtown. Yes, there sat Johnny's dilapidated typewriter on the seat of the red car.

She guided Mr. Chips so he wouldn't step on the spilled eggs. "Gosh, Johnny, what happened?" she cried.

"Why, hello, Mary Fred! It was all my fault," he admitted. "I turned right in front of them. I should have been more careful. I guess I was thinking of something else."

Mary Fred groaned inwardly. "I guess you were, Johnny—you're always thinking of something else." She asked the crying woman, "Are you hurt?"

"No," the woman said, "only I'm kind of shook up—seeing all those eggs spilled and broken that I've been saving up so long. I was bringing in two cases of them to pay the dentist for some work I need done."

Johnny said quickly, "I'll pay for the eggs. How much do you figure you'd get for them? I'll take them all home—the little bit cracked, and the whole lot cracked, and the few still in one piece. And I'll pay for the damages to your car, too."

The shrill wail of a siren interrupted. A police car skidded to a stop across the street and two bulky representatives of the law got out. Their blue uniforms loomed up ominously through the blur of snow. Mary Fred's

heart pounded in dread. Just let them find out that Johnny was driving without a license!

The first terse question was the same one she herself had asked. "What happened here?"

The tall young cowboy stepped forward. "We've just about settled it between us. I don't believe you'll need to make any record of the case. There's no harm done and no one hurt."

"I'm going to pay for the eggs," Johnny put in.

For one awful minute, Mary Fred thought she saw the policeman's eyes measuring Johnny's tall immaturity, and that she'd hear him snap out, "You're not more than fifteen, are you? Let's see your driver's license." But instead he said amiably, "That's the best way to do—settle it between yourselves." He looked at the sniffling woman. "This your mother here?" he asked the young rancher. "You ain't hurt, are you, lady?"

The woman answered, "No, I'm not his mother. My husband is foreman of his father's ranch. It's my truck and my eggs. Ander drove it in for me because he was coming in to school here. I'm not hurt—I'm just, you might say, shook up."

The second policeman said, "Sure you can settle everything between you?" Every one concerned nodded and he said, "Okay then! Come on, Mullen, we'll catch that new call."

Mary Fred stood beside Johnny and they watched the police car glide off through the snow. Johnny said to the young man from Wyoming—Ander, the woman called him—"If'heu! And thanks! That sure kept me from being put on the spot."

Ander laughed. "That's what I figured." "How many eggs are there in each case?" Mary Fred asked.

"Twenty-four dozen. Forty-eight dozen in both," the woman answered.

"What are they worth a dozen?" Johnny asked smally.

"Twenty-nine cents," Ander answered. "I had my aunt, who lives here in town, ask her grocer. That's why Mrs. Thompson brought them in, because she can get more for them here than in Wyoming."

MARY FRED saw her brother's lips moving as he tried to figure how much forty-eight times twenty-nine was. He must have got some idea, for he gave a sigh that was like the heave of a horse and she knew, as he looked at his old typewriter, that he realized he must give up all thought of getting a newer one. But he continued valiantly, "How much do you figure it'll cost to iron out the fender and get a new light put in? I've got enough on me to pay for the eggs. But you'll have to trust me for the repairs."

"Of course I'll trust you," the woman said. "I'll get it fixed in Wyoming, where we come from, and they'll do it reasonable."

Ander suddenly became aware of Mary Fred, and the black horse in the background that limped at every step. He asked her sharply, "Did you ride that horse so hard you lamed him?"

"I did not," she answered even more sharply.

"Whose horse is it?"

"He's mine."

The young rancher bent over the horse, felt tenderly along the lame leg. "Tell you what

you do for him. You get on home just as soon as you can, and put a hot pack on his leg here where it's swollen. Then about three packs a day will ease it down. He's no business out in this driving snow. It's slippery going—he's liable to strain it more."

The reproof in his voice angered Mary Fred. As though she were dawdling about in the snow with Mr. Chips because of some whim! She started to say, "I'll go home as fast as I can with a couple of blistered heels," but she had to close her lips in swift panic and turn her head. How unbelievably silly—to feel her lips go wabbly and a surge of tears threatening, just because she was cold and tired and worried about taking the horse home, and her heels were rubbed raw, and she was, like Mrs. Thompson, "shook up" by the accident. And even if this blue-eyed cowboy from Wyoming did criticize her, there wasn't any reason for her to go eighteen-seventy and burst into tears. She tugged on Mr. Chips's reins and, without a word, left the scene, thankful for the curtain of snow—sheer at first like dotted marquisette, but thickening between them as she hurried along.

Dusk was already sifting through the polka-dotted veil of snow. She was afraid the oats would get wet with snow caking over the porous sack on the horse's back, so she brushed the snow off the sack and carried it.

She turned down her own Barberr Street. There were three big houses in their block—the gray-stone Malone house in the middle; the home of Johnny's chum, Carleton Buell, on the far side; and the house Mary Fred was just passing, an imposing red brick structure with immaculate white trim, in which lived their socially important neighbor, Mrs. Morrison Adams.

As Mary Fred passed, Mrs. Adams was just being escorted by her chauffeur to her waiting car. He was holding an umbrella over her to protect her hair-do and her costume from the wet snow, and Mrs. Adams was holding up her long skirts with one hand and carrying Tiffin, her little fluff of Pekingese, in the other. To date, the excitable Tiffin had never left a Malone pass without running out and barking in shrill defiance and nipping at his or her heels.

Mrs. Adams paused to look at Mary Fred, splashing stiffly through the snow in boots that were rubbing both heels unbearably, carrying an awkward load in a gunny sack under her arm, and leading a limping horse. Her expression said, "What will those awful Malones bring home next?" And at the same time Tiffin, leaping from his mistress's arms, ran with a crescendo of shrill barking at Mr. Chips. The black horse deigned one annoyed look backward, then administered—not viciously, but in an I'm doing-this-for-your-own-good manner—a kick that sent Tiffin sprawling and yelping into the muddy slush.

"Someone is going to have to clean Tiffin up before he can mingle with the socially prominent tonight," Mary Fred thought with satisfaction. She peered through the snow at her own home. No, the front part of the house wasn't lighted. Thank goodness, Father wasn't home yet! She preferred breaking the news of her purchase more gently than for him to see her leading home a limping horse.

The stone garage on the Malone place had once been a stable before modern transportation had forced them to remove the mangers and partitions, and replace the wooden floor

(Continued on page 46)

WHAT TO DO *when there's no gas*

Don't give it a second thought — just grab your bicycle, and take your Dura-Gloss along. Dura-Gloss is a big relief from it all. Sit down, nice and quiet, and make your fingers the most beautiful in the world. Dura-Gloss does it. It's a wonderful nail polish. Contains Chrystalline that makes it stay on better. Sparkles brightly. Full of color and life — womanly stuff — the stuff that angels are made of. Don't be without DURA-GLOSS, 10¢.



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A DEEP LAID PLAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

all the paint off the door. Well, it thundered louder and louder, and the lightning flashed as bright as day. Tommy and I got on the living room sofa, with Topper between us. Topper was trembling like a leaf. Tommy said he liked it because it was as good as an air raid.

The wind got so strong it sounded like a freight train going over our house. Aunt Susan came bursting in the back door—she shouted that Elijah went to heaven in a whirlwind and we were going the same way. Just then there was a terrible crash. I screamed and Tommy yelled and Topper whimpered and Aunt Susan moaned. Father and Mother took flash lights (because our house was in total darkness) and they went up to the attic and there was a big hole in the west side of the roof. The big maple where our rope swing always hung had blown down and hit the roof. We all ran up there and it looked like a bomb had hit us. We got dish pans and buckets to catch the rain the best we could. Pretty soon the storm was over, and then a happy thought struck my mind. The big hole in the roof was almost exactly where we wanted two of our windows to be. I asked Aunt Susan if she ever heard of anything like that happening before and she said, "Plenty o' times, chile. De Lawd move in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform." But I think it was just coincidence, don't you?

Today Father called the insurance company and told them to send Mr. Bradshaw to fix the roof. They said they would as soon as they could, but the storm had damaged a lot of houses and it was hard to get enough carpenters to go around, as many of them are on defense jobs.

Mother and I have a Deep Laid Plan to get Mr. Bradshaw to put in the dormers, and Mother is going to pay the difference between that and what the insurance company will pay.

Your loving sister,
P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Well, we have waited nearly two weeks for a man to come and fix our roof, but so far no soap. Several times it has rained, and Mother and I have had to put out buckets and pans to catch the water.

So today Father said, ruination, he would fix the roof himself. He said Tommy and Jim would help him. Jim is our new hired man. He is slightly feeble-minded, so that is why he is not at the war. When Father began getting the tools and things together, Mother sighed. She said to me, "I would rather empty pans and buckets all summer than have Father fix it." You know Father isn't the handy-man type.

When Father and Jim were setting the tall ladder against the house I said politely, "Will you make some dormer windows for us, Father?" So Father said, was I out of my mind? He said that with only Jim and Tommy to help, it would be a wonder if he even got the roof patched. I was filled with despair.

They knocked and banged loudly a while and then we heard Father shout, "Look out!" Jim had dropped a piece of lumber, and it

WHEN THE STEPLADDER FELL
IT MADE A HORRIBLE RACKET
AND FATHER LEAPED UPSTAIRS



fell all the way to the ground and nearly hit Aunt Susan who was just passing by on her way to the cabin. Aunt Susan glared and told Mother it looked to her like Jim did it on purpose. But Mother said, "No, Susan. It was an accident. Jim is not a murderer."

So then Father called Mother and asked her where she had hidden his folding rule. Mother said she hadn't seen it, but it must be on the work bench in the basement. Father moaned and said, "No use to look there. I looked. It's gone, I reckon. It's a strange thing to me that a man who wants to keep the house from falling down isn't allowed to keep his few tools."

He looked terribly funny, sitting on the roof shouting about the rule, but of course we couldn't laugh. We couldn't even smile.

Mother said, "Will the tape measure do?"

Father roared, "Certainly not! A tape measure stretches. A rule is the only thing that will do. I left it in this tool kit. But was it allowed to stay there? No, indeed! Someone has had the audacity to take it out. Probably it has been burned for kindling. I have a good mind to let the roof go. Why should I exert myself to keep the rain off a family that tampers with my tools?" Father loathes odd jobs.

Mother asked me to find the ruler if I could. I ran to the basement and began hunting for it, and then it dawned on me where it was. Tommy and I had used it to measure the attic floor. I tore up there and got it, and poked it up to Father through the hole in the roof. I told him I was terribly sorry, and it was all our fault and we would never borrow it again.

Father grunted and said, "Never mind. Next time put it back where it belongs."

Father is a good man, but very excitable, don't you think so?

I can't see that they are ever going to get the roof fixed. I wish to goodness Father had waited for Mr. Bradshaw, because then we could have had the dormers, maybe. Of course any playroom is better than none, but ours will be very hot and dark. Such is life.

Your loving sister,
P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Well, right after I sent you the letter Saturday, there was an accident. Tommy mashed his finger with the hammer. It was terribly painful and he almost fainted. So Father and Jim had to carry him down the long ladder, and they took him to the doctor to have it dressed. I am terribly sorry, because it is his right hand and now he can't finish his model airplane for the Hobby Fair.

While they were gone to the doctor, Mr. Bradshaw came and said he was ready to fix the roof. Mother said, thank goodness, and to go right to work. She told him to put in two dormer windows on the east side, and two on the west, and she would pay the difference between that and the fifty dollars the insurance man said he would pay for the damage.

Mr. Bradshaw is nothing like Father. He likes to repair roofs. I asked him if it would be much trouble to fix dormer windows. He said, "No, ma'am! It ain't a mite of trouble. And there's nothing to make a house look better. You'll see all the difference in that old attic." I love Mr. Bradshaw.

Your loving sister,
P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

You should see our house now. You would never know it, it looks so grand and new. The windows are finished. The funny

part is, Father likes them, too. He said, "I've intended to put dormers in that roof for years. Good thing the storm came along." I just pinched Mother's hand when he said that, and she pinched me back.

Tommy and I are going to start fixing the playroom tomorrow afternoon, as soon as we get home from school. Can you believe we are really going to have one? I can't.

Your loving sister,

P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Our house caught on fire today. But do not despair. It is out now. This is how it happened. Mother and Father went to an auction sale. Tommy and I had a half holiday, so we decided to paint our playroom. We got along just fine on our ceiling and walls. We painted them white. We didn't spatter paint much, and it looks nice and smooth. Tommy got some paint in his hair and on his corduroy pants, though. I guess they are ruined. Boys are rather messy, aren't they?

Well, I was stirring the red paint for our floor. It was on a little table near the window. The table has wobbly legs. So, like a dope, Tommy backed into it and knocked it over, and spilled half our paint—which cost \$3.50. We got kitchen spoons and dipped up all we could and saved a lot of it.

At the time we did not notice that it had splashed all over one of our new windows. When we did notice it, the paint was already dry because it is the quick-drying kind. I was scraping it off, but Tommy said that was too slow, so he got the blowtorch out of the hen house where they had been killing mites, and said he would melt the paint off. I didn't want him to do it, because fire is dangerous. But he did it, anyway—and, sure enough, he caught our new window sill on fire!

There is no water in our bathroom, because our pump is being fixed, so I ran to the well to get a bucket of water. When I got back, the attic was full of smoke. I started screaming for Tommy to come out. But he was beating out the fire with his coat and he threw the water on and pretty soon he had it out.

We opened the windows and most of the smoke blew away. Our walls are a little smoked, but we can't paint them over. We have spent all the money. But at least Tommy is alive and the house is not burned down. I think that is something to be thankful for, don't you? The worst of it is our window sill looks bad. We spread a newspaper over it, in case Mother or Father came up there. We don't want them to think we don't appreciate our nice windows.

Your loving sister,

P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

We needed a ping-pong table for our playroom desperately. Mother said she was afraid we would have to wait for that, as we have spent our eleven dollars long since. I mentioned it to Cousin Emmie, and guess what? She said we could have her old square piano, which will not play. Tommy said we could make a grand ping-pong table out of it. I asked Father if he would object to letting Jim move it over here for us. Father said, "Jim and who else? It will take six strong men to get that old piano up into the attic. I am sick of this playroom. It has kept the house in pandemonium ever since you first started talking about it."

(Continued on page 35)



IF YOUR MOTHER HEMS AND HAWS

send for this booklet—now!

HERE'S the easy way to spare yourself—and your mother! To end all confusion and embarrassment about what to do and not to do on these certain days of the month.

Send today for the bright booklet, "As One Girl To Another". Absolutely free, it gives the answers to your intimate questions, in a way that's easy to take...for it's written the way girls talk by a woman who speaks your language.

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

"Things are going to be bad, after this war." We've been hearing words like those for a long time. The thought behind them often takes this form: A big depression hit us eleven years after World War I—a slump caused largely by dislocations due to that war. World War II is even bigger than World War I. So an even bigger slump will knock us off our pins after this war ends. Q.E.D.

Such rank pessimism is apt to make people ask themselves, "What's the use?", or "Why



go on?" It's as if the calamity-croakers were telling us, "Go ahead and work and sacrifice and fight and win the war—and you'll land in the ditch."

Defeatism of that sort is sharply challenged, today, by many outstanding men and women—thinkers who tell us not to listen too intently to prophets foretelling a black future, since the prophets who foretell a shining future are more likely to be right.

The fact is, such hopeful men and women say, the drastic cutting down in the making of the things we use in peace is creating a huge reservoir of consumer demand. Of course, after we win the war, Government controls and rationing will inevitably continue for some time, though with lessening force. Nevertheless, peacetime production and consumption should increase in a sharply rising curve. By and large, Americans have been making money—many of them more money than they ever made before. Vast buying power has been, and will be, put into their hands. It's only logical to expect a rush of buying when the factories which are making the weapons of war turn back to making the tools and goods of peace.

People will want new homes—perhaps as many as nine million "housing units," authorities tell us. They'll need household supplies, automobiles, radios, typewriters—thousands of other things. Of course there's the danger that, with so many people now on a sort of spending spree, large sections of the public will be so out of pocket after the war that they won't be able to buy the things they need. That is one of the reasons why people are being told, "Save money!"

If we have an enormous postwar consumer demand, will we also have an enormous production, able to meet it? Many industrialists answer, "Yes." For example, Henry J. Kaiser, the super-duper shipbuilder, believes that we are awaiting the end of the war to swing into the greatest peacetime production ever known. He lifts a vigorous voice when he speaks about the postwar years: "The only way . . . is to produce wealth on a scale never before envisioned; to accomplish an abundance and a variety which will call out our total energies."

The war has speeded up scientific progress. For war is a great teacher, as well as a great evil. In the opinion of Dr. Charles M. A. Stine, the well known scientist, hard necessities have crowded into months the developments which might have taken us fifty years of peace to realize.

After the United Nations win the war, American industries, emerging triumphantly from their great test with new and better ways of doing things, should be able to serve the country as never before. Scores of types of synthetic rubber, we're told, will be on the market for tires and for other uses. Television will go to town—and so will plastics. Lots of us may be wearing fabrics made of fine, non-inflammable, spun-glass filaments. Lots of us may be driving cars which are lighter, cheaper, and much better than the ones we have now. These cars of the future may go fifty miles, or even a hundred miles on a single gallon of the new, dynamic gasoline which petroleum chemists expect to produce.

Aviation should zoom. Certain aircraft designers—Glenn L. Martin among them—foresee the coming of great liners of the air which will make today's air liners look puny. Some of the bolder blueprints for aircraft concern themselves with the "flying wing." (Our artist has sketched it.) If this extraordinary plane is ever built, it will be shaped like a huge wing, with passengers, personnel, and freight carried inside the wing.

There's danger that looking into a possible, postwar future may make life in that future seem easy. Life will be hard, of course. Parts of the postwar world will present an ugly picture. Much of Europe, of Asia will be half-starved or actually starving. Americans will be called on to share their food, to help rebuild devastated areas.

In short, we can't float effortlessly into a sort of scientific Utopia—far from it! As Sir Stafford Cripps—Churchill's right-hand man—has said, the people with ideals will have to be smarter than they've ever been. Though we see the vision of a finer future, we'll have to think hard, work hard, and fight hard to make for ourselves a better world.

SKETCH OF A RUSSIAN SOLDIER

What sort of man is the average Russian soldier, the fighter who has been giving such a superlative account of himself?

Actually, there's no such person, of course, as an "average soldier." Men in uniform haven't uniform feelings, thoughts, skills. But generalizations can give a rough outline. The typical Russian fighter, then, according to men who have known him, is rather short by our standards. He averages about five feet seven inches, but he's sturdily built and weighs approximately a hundred and fifty-five. His eyes are blue, his hair is blond, his expression alert.

He has had years of military training, for in Russia conscription was universal even before the war. Though he has never driven his own car, he can make tractors, trucks, and tanks give their best. Clad in pure wool, with surprisingly durable boots on his feet, he's well clothed for combat.

For his rifle—he sometimes calls it his "pet"—he has a sort of personal affection. He loves to play dominoes or cards, to sing long, lusty songs to the strumming of balalaikas. He manages to do a lot of reading in the intervals between periods of combat. Tolstoi's *War and Peace* is among his favorite books, and so are certain works of Jack London and Mark Twain. He's slow to get angry, but, once roused, he's mad for keeps. Home-loving, unsophisticated, he's sociable, a "good mixer," intensely loyal.

Some of his critics say he exhibits a certain smugness, has a tendency to think that if a thing is Russian it's right, and if it



is foreign it's wrong. Perhaps such criticisms are unjust.

He hates the Nazis, not in a general sort of way but with an intense and personal hatred. There's hardly a Russian soldier who hasn't suffered directly through the invasion—either through the loss of a friend or a relative, or through the goading realization that people he knows, or people near and dear to him, are behind the lines of Nazi occupation. Just as strong as his hatred of Nazis is his love of Russia. These two emotions have hardened into the steely morale which, again and again, has sent the invaders reeling back in confusion.

A DEEP LAID PLAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

So I didn't say any more to Father. But yesterday a moving van backed up to our door and there was the piano in it. Cousin Emmie had sent it over, because she said she needed the space, anyhow. Only two men brought it and it was hard on them getting it up the steps, because Jim was not here and Father has the rheumatism so bad he couldn't help. Well, just as they started to put it down, one of the men dropped his end of it, and it made a noise like thunder. Mother told me that Father groaned and said it must be the two little mice at play. It knocked some plaster loose from the ceiling of the guest room, but Mother isn't going to tell Cousin Emmie, or Father, either. She says she can fix it with patching plaster. Mother is darling, don't you think so?

Tommy's Scout master is going to fix the table and also repair the burnt window sill for us, because he is a man who knows how to do everything. Sometimes I wish Mother had married a man like that. Our phonograph is fixed, and you should hear our records. We have four new ones and they are the best. We also have our croquinole board and check-board and card table up in the playroom. All we lack is our curtains. I am going to start making them tomorrow.

Your loving sister,
P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

I know you think my handwriting looks very queer. You see I am writing with my left hand and it wobbles. I can't write with my right hand. It is in a sling. My arm is broken. But do not despair—it is only one bone. I am not going to be deformed, or anything. It hurt pretty bad, but that is over now.

The way I broke it was that the stepladder collapsed with me when I was hanging the curtains. You should see the curtains. They are gorgeous. They are dark blue, printed with white stars. I put bright red tape all around the edges. For the tie-backs, I took the tape and made a row of red V's (for Victory) on white bands. Just before I went upstairs to hang them, I showed them to Father. I said, "Look, Father, this is the crowning touch!"

When the stepladder fell with me, it made a horrible racket. Father came leaping up there in spite of the rheumatism, and there I was all tangled up in curtains and the ladder on top of me. So Father groaned and said, "You are right. This is the crowning touch."

When the doctor had set my arm, Mother finished hanging all the curtains. Father carried me up there to see them, and he said he didn't know another girl my age who could make such pretty curtains. The playroom is all finished now. But I can't play in it until my arm gets well.

Your loving sister,
P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Last night we had a Hallowe'en party in our playroom, to celebrate my arm being well. Guess who suggested having it? Father! Last week he said to Mother, "Why don't you fix up a batch of cookies, or hot dogs, or something, and let Pat and Tommy have a housewarming for their playroom?" Can you imagine Father thinking up a party? So



A. *The Skokie*—Good friend through rain or shine—handsome brown oxford with neat moccasin vamp.



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C. *The Saddle*—Old favorite with a becoming new look—all brown—all white.

For "Serious-Minded" Feet
NO MATTER WHAT THEIR AGE

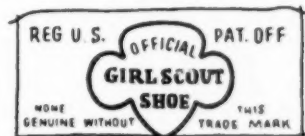


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Mother said she would, and we asked about two dozen boys and girls. Mother made millions of doughnuts (they don't take much sugar), also tons of gingerbread out of molasses. We also had hot dogs and cokes and cocoa and marshmallows.

Cousin Emmie came, dressed like a fortune teller, and told grand fortunes. She said I would be an airplane hostess, and that is what I am dying to be. Aunt Susan came up and told us ghost stories. They are true, too, because she has seen many ghosts. We had the lights all off except the candles inside the jack-o'-lanterns, so the room was nearly dark and we were all scared stiff. We heard a funny noise outside the door, sort of a moan, and all the girls shrieked. The boys were scared, too. But Tommy opened the door—and guess what? It was only Topper outside, begging to get in! So we let him in and gave him some hot dogs. He swallowed them whole.

Father came up and watched us play games a while. He threw darts with us, and he could beat any of the boys. He hit the bull's-eye several times. And when he was leaving, Father said the playroom was a good idea and why didn't we think of it sooner? Father is a man in a million, don't you think so?

Your loving sister,
Patricia Downing

NORUMBEGA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

out whatever orders she might give, and having in mind, no doubt, the knighthood with which she intended to reward him, an honour which he most certainly earned. For Elizabeth sent Gilbert to Ireland to put down rebellions. She sent him to France to keep the port of Havre de Grace for the English. While he was generally successful and ruthless in Ireland, he failed in France. He failed, too, when the Queen sent him to the Low Countries to aid the Dutch in their struggle against Spain. But he did his best at whatever task Elizabeth set him, and between times returned with satisfaction to his library. There he read every account he could find of Spanish, Portuguese, and English voyaging, and tried in vain for a long time to obtain the Queen's permission to seek the new passage.

Finally the Queen agreed to allow Sir Humphrey to sail. He began making mysterious and secret preparations for a westward voyage. His young half-brother, Walter Raleigh, was going with him.

Sir Humphrey's boat bore the same Latin motto he himself had placed on his coat of arms, *Quid Non?* (Why not?) Walter Raleigh was master of a boat bearing a motto longer and perhaps even bolder, *Nec mortem peto, nec finem fugio.* (I neither seek death, nor flee the end.)

It leaked out, of course, that Sir Humphrey had obtained a charter of some sort, and it was said, also, that he had been given authority to plant a colony on whatever heathen lands he should discover. There were even whispers of an agreement between Gilbert and the Queen as to the division of the gold, silver, and jewels he might find.

Gold? Silver? Jewels? But these might mean, some declared, that Gilbert was going to rob Spain of some of her treasure.

Yet when Gilbert sailed, he took with him a Chaldean as an interpreter, and scholars who recalled that Columbus had done likewise when he started forth expecting to

reach Cathay, thought they knew what Sir Humphrey Gilbert intended to do and whither he was bound.

But whether the whisperers inclined to the belief that he was going forth to plant a colony, to rob Spain, or to try for Cathay, the motto seemed to provide the final argument. After all, *Quid Non?*

A few months later Sir Humphrey's boats returned. The crews, however, kept the same air of secrecy they had worn on their departure, although it was admitted that the trip to Cathay had been abandoned. To this day no one knows where the ships of Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed on that first voyage.

After his return, Gilbert began to urge more than ever the founding of a colony in the New World. "Soon," he announced, "I shall sail again."

With the others, he was soon talking of Ingram's tale and of Drake's successful voyage. His own idea of a colony as a half-way station, to serve as an outpost to guard whatever trade route to the Orient the English should discover, was changing and developing into the dream of an English-settled land, a permanent empire for England across the seas. And if, as Ingram had declared, Norumbega backed upon the "other ocean," there was the place the English empire should most certainly be.

Gilbert was in touch with a popular astrologer in England, who was known as Dr. Dee. Dr. Dee had a large library filled with ancient maps and manuscripts and was preparing for the Queen her title to the Western World. He was working, possibly at Gilbert's suggestion, upon a map—and that map showed Norumbega very prominently lettered thereon. It was given the Queen shortly after Drake's return.

Dr. Dee was a tremendous help. He knew all about ancient treasure, such as the gold for Solomon's temple and the wealth of Cathay. He knew what had been written about Atlantis, and of the voyage of Saint Brendan. Besides, it was said, he was able to call upon the very spirits of heaven to aid him; and, of course, spirits knew all things, even the places where gold and silver might be hidden.

The Secretary of State called on Dr. Dee. So did Sir Francis Drake, and so did David Ingram, while the Queen herself paused at his door to thank him for her title to the Western World. Sir Humphrey promised the astrologer a large tract of land in Norumbega. Perhaps this was in payment for the map making, perhaps for secret information of some sort.

With a light heart Sir Humphrey made ready to set forth again. By this time it was well known that the Queen had indeed given him a patent, which stated that he and his heirs were to govern such a colony as he should establish in the name of and for England, in such lands as he should hold and occupy.

This time Walter Raleigh, now with the "Sir" of knighthood added to his name, did not accompany his half-brother. Instead he sent him a token from Queen Elizabeth herself. The token was in the shape of a golden anchor tipped with pearl. So was England planning to anchor in the New World where the pearls were plentiful.

There were plenty of would-be colonists anxious enough to go westward, for the Catholics were having a difficult time in England under Elizabeth, and many of them desired to be free to follow their own way of worship and escape persecution.

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So, like the Christians of legend who fled from the Moors in Portugal to Antilia in the sea, a number of Catholics made ready to depart for a land which they hoped would serve them as a similar refuge.

Five ships began that voyage, but one of them deserted before they had gone very far. On one of the remaining ships was a strange company: Ingram, the teller of bright tales of Norumbega; a poet from Hungary; and some morris dancers who were expected not only to amuse the travelers on the way, but to entertain the natives of the Northern Continent to which they were journeying—dancers for the court of Norumbega. Most important of all to Sir Humphrey was Daniel the Saxon, a "mineral man and refiner."

Gilbert had his own reasons for sailing first to Newfoundland by a route well known to fishing vessels. From Newfoundland he declared they would sail southward, thrusting up every bay and river until the Lord of Norumbega himself be met with. Doubtless he thought Ingram would be able to recognize him easily enough from his jewels.

At last the boats reached Newfoundland, where there were anchored many fishing vessels from England and from France. Daniel the Saxon wandered about and brought back lumps of ore. Sir Humphrey tried to keep the nature of Daniel's find a secret, but it was whispered at once that the ore was silver. These samples were carried on board and Sir Humphrey was evidently overjoyed at what had been found, while the refiner went about with his mouth tightly closed and his eyes shining.

Before starting southward to search for Norumbega, one vessel, *The Swallow*, was sent to England loaded with men who had

fallen ill. The remaining three ships prepared to search thoroughly for the mysterious kingdom.

The sea, however, ruled otherwise. Thick fogs came on, and one vessel, *The Delight*, was grounded and sank almost immediately. Those on board were nearly all drowned and among them was Daniel the Saxon, while the samples of ore and the papers and reports of Sir Humphrey were lost. The Hungarian poet, who had expected to write an account of the voyage, was among those who were drowned.

The weather stayed thick and heavy. The cold increased. Illness began to rage on the two remaining boats. Provisions were low. The disheartened sailors clamored to go home.

So, almost within the domain of the Lord of Norumbega, as Sir Humphrey thought, he yielded to the crews' demand. He could return and search for Norumbega the next spring. Already he had good reports for the Queen, since he could remember much that Daniel had told him.

"Be content, we have seen enough. Take no care of expenses past. I will set you forth royally in the spring," he promised the crews. "After I tell the Queen certain good tidings, there will be no difficulty at all about outfitting another fleet."

The boats turned their prows eastward, toward England. But at the very moment of changing their course, they saw what some of the sailors afterward remembered as a bad omen.

"Between us and the land," they declared, "there slid upon the water a very lion, in shape, hair, and colour . . . turning his head to and fro with an ugly showing of long teeth. He bade the boats farewell



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

AIR FORCE. This is another of those thrilling semi-documentary films which make pure fiction seem tame in comparison. Directed by Howard Hawks, with the cooperation of the War Department, it pictures the adventures of a B-17 Flying Fortress, named affectionately the *Mary Ann*, and her crew of typical American boys. Though their heroism reaches spectacular proportions, it is always believable. One feels instinctively that this is the way our boys fight, that their devotion to their planes is real. The bomber leaves San Francisco with eight others on December 6, 1941, to make a routine flight to Hawaii. If you were awed at hearing history come over your radio on December seventh, you'll relive the stupefaction of the crew when, as they near Hawaii, the Hickam Field operator suddenly goes off the air and they hear explosions and excited Jap voices. Forced to land for fuel (the *Mary Ann* couldn't go into action as she carried no bombs on her peaceful flight) the ship is ordered to Manila by way of Wake Island. Through storms and heavy winds the navigator finds the tiny island, but though the crew have had no sleep for thirty-six hours they leave within twenty minutes for Manila, first taking into their personal care letters and mementos from the Marines on Wake, who know their chances of getting out alive are slim. They arrive at Clark Field, Manila, as it is about to be evacuated, and are ordered to Australia. But first the *Mary Ann* goes into action in which the Captain is mortally wounded and the plane seriously damaged, but the crew determine to keep her in the fight. Working all night, they rich enough parts from abandoned bombers to get her off the ground again and into the Coral Sea battle. In the splendid cast, John Garfield as Aerial Gunner, John Ridgely as Captain Quincannon, and Harry Carey as Crew Chief are especially fine. (Warners)

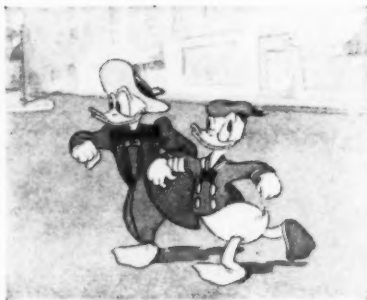
SPIRIT OF '43, THE. Donald Duck stars in this Walt Disney short subject, produced for the Treasury Department and released to theaters throughout the country by the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry. You first see Donald on pay day. As he counts his money, he is approached by two strange characters—Zoot Suit Duck, who urges him to spend his wages on frivolous pursuits, and Scotch Duck, who implores Donald to save in order to pay his income tax. After a struggle, Scotch Duck and Donald unite for Victory. (Disney)

Good

BOOTS AND SADDLES. This is the first of a series of reissues of Gene Autry's early films. Thus the new crop of Western fans will not be deprived of Autry films, even though Gene is in the Air Force. This one is convincing evidence of the reason why Autry rose to the top as a Western star. He is the Chaucerian "parfit gentil knight" on all occasions. (Rep.)

CABIN IN THE SKY. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, and Eddie "Rochester" Anderson are splendid in this musical folk tale of the devoted wife who is determined to bring her wayward husband into the church. At the last minute he backslides and is wounded in a brawl. Then follows a tussle between the angels of the Lord and the imps of Lucifer for his soul. Beautifully sung and acted, the film yet remains musical comedy because its attempt to interpret the Negro's spiritual qualities is unsuccessful. It lacks the authenticity of legend which gave substance to *The Green Pastures*. (MGM)

HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR. This picture takes a sly dig at contest winners by having Henry get the brush-off when he arrives in Hollywood in charge of the editor of the fan magazine which sponsored the essay contest Henry won. But back home Henry's stock goes up because he is supposed to have had a date with Hilary Dane (Frances Gifford), and since he stumbled when having his picture taken there is photographic evidence that she kissed him. Henry finds popularity even less comfortable than being perpetually in the dog house, for he is now blamed by the grownups for all the sophisticated notions which go the rounds at school. We enjoyed the



DONALD DUCK IN "THE SPIRIT OF '43"

meetings of the sorority in which Diana Lynn's was the sanest voice more than Henry's predicament when Hilary Dane makes a personal appearance in his home town and he has to make good on his glamour. (Para.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE. This is the story of a shy young writer (Henry Fonda), not cut out to be a soldier, who rises to the necessity of commanding a lost patrol in the African desert when their Sergeant (Thomas Mitchell) dies after enemy planes have attacked and crippled their tanks. Splendid as Fonda is, his personal story as told in flashbacks is secondary in interest to the desert locale and the evidence that this War is frequently being fought by small groups on their own. The ingenuity and daring of the men never seems overdone and the exigencies of desert warfare are fascinatingly presented. (Fox)

LADY BODYGUARD. A test pilot (Eddie Albert) is insured for one million dollars instead of a thousand through the deliberate error of the insurance agent's (Anne Shirley) jealous secretary. From then on Anne is frantic trying to protect this tremendous liability against the machinations of three beneficiaries who try to do away with him. Played for laughs instead of melodrama, the film is amusing. Good of its kind. (Para.)

POWER OF THE PRESS. This picture has something important to say—that freedom of the press does not mean freedom to twist facts and present one side only. This is said through the dramatic story of a Fascist newspaper manager whose traitorous plans are brought to light when a new publisher (Guy Kibbee) takes over. The latter has spent his life editing a small town newspaper and brings honesty and forthrightness to the solving both of the paper's problems and the clearing of a boy wrongly accused of murder. (Col.)

SILVER SKATES. Here are ice routines that are something to see, with the famed Belita at her world's best; Eugene Turner as her partner incredibly graceful and expert; Frick and Frack as funny as anything on ice; and two youngsters, Irene Dare and Danny Shaw, perfect whizzes on skates. The story has Kenny Baker, the show's singer, helping the owner (Patricia Morrison) hold it together by becoming engaged to Belita when he loves Pat. It is all gay and tuneful. (Mono.)

TORNADO IN THE SADDLE, A. A particularly refreshing Western with fast action and music to please everybody. Russell Hayden is the daring young sheriff. Good Western. (Col.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

SPIRIT OF '43, THE

Good

BOOTS AND SADDLES
HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR
LADY BODYGUARD
SILVER SKATES
TORNADO IN THE SADDLE, A

with a horrible voice, roaring or bellowing like a lion."

Storms and more storms howled and raged against the two boats moving slowly toward England. At last there came an hour when strange ghost fires played in the rigging, and these, sailors have always declared, betoken ill.

So to cheer the men, Sir Humphrey, in defiance of the elements, sat on the deck of the smaller ship. This ship had been named the *Golden Hind* after the famous ship which Drake had brought back to an English port loaded with treasure.

"We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," called Gilbert to the second boat, *The Squirrel*, when it approached within hailing distance.

Almost immediately the waters swept up and over the decks of the smaller boat, and when they receded the boat itself was gone. Gilbert, with his opened book in his hand and wearing the golden anchor tipped with pearl which the English Queen had given him, was lost in the depths of the sea.

The Squirrel kept on toward England, but when it arrived there were no good tidings to report to the Queen. No colony had been founded in the New World, the Lord of Norumbega had not been encountered, and Sir Humphrey's secret was lost with him. No one knew what riches Daniel the Saxon had discovered.

TWO decades after the golden anchor of Queen Elizabeth had found the ocean floor, the Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain, was to seek thoroughly both for Norumbega and the sea back of it. He it was who sent, even so far as the Great Lakes, one of his men dressed in the gorgeous costume of a Chinese mandarin. It was thought that the inhabitants of Cathay, should they be encountered, seeing the familiar costume might be more willing to welcome strangers. Meanwhile, on the maps, the site of Norumbega varied from territory along the rivers we know as the Penobscot and the Connecticut, to the Hudson.

Even a decade after Champlain's venturing, sturdy John Smith from the English colony of Jamestown, Virginia, explored the north. Among other things he was seeking Norumbega mines of gold.

Perhaps the story of Norumbega was an echo from the early Norse sagas of the settlement of Vineland. At any rate, the tale of Norumbega remains the vaguest and most shadowy of all the legends which helped to make our history—though to it may be traced a new strain in the theme song for the Western World. The phrase "British empire" had been coined. These words, like "the riches of Cathay," "the gold of Ophir," and "the treasure of the Incas," had a golden sound when rolled upon the tongue.

After Sir Humphrey's voyage, the expectation of finding a short route to Cathay grew fainter. The hope of discovering New World treasure and rich kingdoms still existed, but clearly and steadily began beating the new strain, "Colonies, colonies for England."

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THE STORY of MARIAN ANDERSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

her voice and the responsibility such a gift might entail.

Watching the tall, slight man, who waited on the platform with such quiet dignity for applause to hush, she saw he was there for only one purpose—not to exhibit Roland Hayes, but to demonstrate the art of sensitive, beautiful singing. Music, as he presented it that day, was a shrine to which one brought humility and the fruit of selfless labor. It was a lesson she never forgot.

Roland Hayes sang often in Philadelphia after that, and if the concert was a local affair, Marian, now a girl of fifteen, was occasionally asked to sing a group of songs on the same program. She remembers the day when, in the artists' room during an intermission, he placed before her a copy of the well known duet, *A Passage Bird's Farewell* by Eugene Hildach.

"Do you sing it?" he asked, smiling and sure of her answer.

Marian nodded, too excited for speech, but her face grew radiant.

"Good! Shall we finish the program together then?" suggested Roland Hayes, and earned a very young singer's heartfelt gratitude.

Because she was keenly aware of the problems of unequal opportunity confronting her race, Marian saw Hayes as something more than a distinguished singer. His international reputation made him a representative of his people. Every performance he gave forced recognition from his audience of the great latent capacities in the Negro. A career for one of her race, at this period, was more than a personal triumph, it was a crusade—a crusade in which she herself could enlist.

Circumstances were fast shaping Marian's future now; for at the time she was gaining vision and inspiration from the example of Roland Hayes, an eminent educator, Dr. Lucy L. W. Wilson, principal of the South Philadelphia High School for Girls, aided and encouraged her. Dr. Wilson invited her to her home and introduced her to prominent music lovers. Soon Mrs. Mary Saunders Patterson volunteered to give her singing lessons for a year.

After that, the members of Marian's own district shouldered the responsibility of further lessons for the young girl who had sung so often at their music festivals. Nickels and dimes poured into a Fund for Marian Anderson's Future. From that time on, assistance was always at hand. The Philadelphia Choral Society invited Marian to give a concert under its auspices, and as a result she was offered two years of study with Miss Agnes Reifsnider. When that course was finished, her friends raised another fund, enabling her to study with the well known teacher, Giuseppe Boghetti, who coached her for her first important appearance, at the Lewisohn Stadium with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. She was chosen from among three hundred contestants for this honor, and the Philadelphia Orchestra shortly after offered her an engagement. Marian Anderson was launched on her career.

But though a career may be begun successfully, fame is not always waiting around the corner. It took ten more years of steady work and growth before she was acclaimed on two continents as a great singer.

Although she had won honors, her reputation was still in the making. To establish her in the foremost ranks would mean spending immense sums in publicity. Marian had no wealthy financial backing, and her racial background made her acceptance by the general public in the United States somewhat unpredictable.

Engagements dwindled, and then became difficult to procure. It was evident that Marian's case was not to be different from that of many other American singers, who had first to establish a European reputation before they could win outstanding success in their own country.

Marian worked for a year with the well known coach, Frank La Forge, before she ventured a trip to Europe. For three years then she went back and forth across the Atlantic. All this time travel was widening her experience and outlook. It was a period of quiet but fruitful growth. Her knowledge of languages and her repertoire of foreign songs increased. Her art was expanding into fuller, richer expression.

In the year 1931, while she was in Berlin, Marian made a connection which was to start her at last on the road to spectacular success. She held an audition one day before a group of concert managers. In the audience sat Kosti Vehanen, Finnish pianist, accompanist, and friend of the Swedish impresario, Helmar Enwall, who had sent him on a special mission to Berlin for the purpose of hearing the Negro contralto about whom German managers were beginning to talk.

"She has a hundred colors in her voice," Vehanen reported back enthusiastically to Enwall, "and her stage presence has unusual dignity and individuality. She sings the songs of her own race with extraordinary feeling."

"Add to that the strange coincidence of her Scandinavian name! I believe I shall risk trying her here," decided Enwall, and engaged her on the spot.

Enwall booked her cautiously at first. The introduction of an unknown Negro singer was an experiment, but because the singer was Marian Anderson and because Scandinavian audiences are notably intelligent, the experiment proved a success. Soon all Scandinavia proclaimed the discovery of a new, sensational artist. By the end of her third concert season there she was filling hundreds of engagements, and Enwall was planning the long European tour which was to make her famous on the continent.

The next five years were a series of triumphs, singing to packed houses in the major cities of Europe. "A voice like yours is heard once in a hundred years," Arturo Toscanini assured her in Salzburg, and news of the master's pronouncement was flashed back to America.

The great Finnish composer, Sibelius, in whose house she was invited to sing, paid her a graceful compliment. Coffee was to have been served at the end of the evening, but when Marian had finished her last group of Finnish songs by Sibelius, her host jumped to his feet and countermanded the coffee. "Champagne!" he called enthusiastically to the servant; then turning to his guest, "Let us have more Marian Anderson—and less Sibelius!"

Kosti Vehanen became her coach and accompanist, following her engagement by (Continued on page 41)



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THE STORY of MARIAN ANDERSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Helmar Enwall. The two artists were sympathetic, and the association proved a long and successful one, lasting over a period of ten years. Mr. Vehanen toured the continent with her, and remained her accompanist on her triumphal return to New York and on many subsequent American tours. His book, *Marian Anderson—a Portrait*, is a valuable record of her spectacular rise to fame.

All over Europe she was being acclaimed, and now her native land prepared to give her belated recognition. She was engaged for a concert at the Town Hall in New York, in December, 1935.

Her return was fraught with emotional significance for Marian. The friendship of distinguished people in Europe and the absence of race prejudice had been a moving and heartening experience. While she did not expect the same reception from her fellow countrymen, she hoped as she had never hoped for anything before that she might justify to Americans the artistic reputation earned abroad.

Unfortunately, a painful accident lent added tension to the situation. She lost her balance during a storm on the Atlantic crossing, and in falling, fractured her foot. For a time it seemed as though she might have to cancel her New York appearance. But she was used to overcoming obstacles. So long as her voice was unimpaired, she would allow nothing to interfere with its use.

She insisted on fulfilling her promise to sing at the ship's concert although she had to be carried onto the platform. There were two more weeks for further recuperation before the concert at Town Hall, but Marian tried to walk too soon and had to hobble on to the stage before the curtain was raised.

No announcement of her injury had been made to the public. She wanted no appeal for leniency on this occasion of her homecoming. When the curtain rose, she stood erect and slim in the long silver gown which hid the plaster-cast on her foot. She had to lean heavily against the piano to keep her balance. For further support, she counted on reserves of courage that had been hers since childhood.

On this night the New York critics and the public received their first indisputable evidence that Marian Anderson was a great artist. The sustained power and beauty of her phrasing in the Handel group indicated what was to come. People relaxed in their seats for an evening of utter enjoyment.

As song followed song, it became apparent that there were seemingly no limitations for this contralto singer. The flow and magnificence of the Handel arias changed to enchanting delicacy and tenderness in the Schubert lyrics, and no one had yet heard *Death and the Maiden* by Franz Schubert sung as she sang it, with a tone so floating and transparent it seemed an unearthly echo from some other world.

She closed the concert, as she had many others, with John Payne's *Crucifixion*. A moving quality of this spiritual is its stark simplicity. She sang it reverently, with closed eyes and in a hushed voice. Hers was the voice of a whole people now, the muted tragic accents of a race that has known bondage.

So great was the success of this concert

that Marian had to sing twice again that season in New York, both times to crowded audiences in Carnegie Hall. Then, as soon as her foot was entirely mended, she was off to Europe once more. Her reputation was drawing her far afield, to the Soviet Union, to Africa, and to South America. When she returned home at last, she was scheduled for the longest and most intensive tour ever made by a singer in this country.

Scarcely a year went by now that she did not receive some outstanding tribute. She was awarded the Grand Prix du Chant for the best recorded voice on the continent, and America conferred upon her an Honorary Doctorate of Letters from Howard University in Washington, and another from Temple University. A little later she received the Spingarn Medal, and twice she sang at the White House, once for the President and his guests, and another time before the King and Queen of England.

The little girl, born obscurely in the Negro quarter of Philadelphia, was realizing her dream of becoming a worthy representative of her race.

It was characteristic of her that all during the strenuous campaign of building a career, she longed at the same time for a retreat, a place where she might find relief from the strain of frequent public appearances. That desire has been fulfilled. She has a country home now that faces rolling meadows and blue hills. Its green acres offer the seclusion an artist needs for study and growth.

Marian Anderson is unmarried, but her mother, and a sister who acts as her secretary, contribute much to family life when she is at home. The management of her house and gardens is a welcome diversion from the arduous professional schedule she keeps, and even while traveling she enjoys domestic activities. A sewing machine is an important item in her luggage. While on tour, yards of curtain lengths have been stitched for the many windows of the big white house on the wooded hill.

Adulation, that unhealthy adjunct of all spectacular careers, has left her untouched. To say merely that she is modest, however, is not enough. It leaves out all that contributes to her dignity. For behind Marian Anderson's achievement are an exalted purpose and a deep humility, ennobling impulses that make her a regal figure when she steps before an audience.

Marian Anderson hoped—and believed—that her career was an effective answer to those who denied her people equality with other races, and she never expected, nor wished, to be involved in a controversy. Nevertheless an unhappy occurrence in the spring of 1939—the refusal of Constitution Hall in Washington for her concert, presumably on the ground of her race—thrust her into the glare of a publicity from which she shrank but could not retreat. The story was featured in newspaper accounts throughout the country and public indignation was aroused. At the invitation of the Government, and with the special cooperation of the Department of the Interior, it was arranged that Miss Anderson should give her recital out-of-doors on Easter Sunday in front of the Lincoln Memorial.

The event was impressive and epochal. A great throng, attracted not only by the notoriety given the incident, but eager to



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pay tribute to a great singer, was massed in the large park between the Lincoln Memorial and the Obelisk. Washington spring weather was at its best. The lawns were green, cherry trees were in full bloom, and the long, transparent pool which reflects the obelisk mirrored also the gilded clouds of late afternoon.

On the platform were members of the Cabinet, of the Supreme Court, Senators and Congressmen. Secretary Ickes opened the ceremonies. "Genius draws no color line," he said. "She has endowed Marian Anderson with such a voice as lifts any individual above his fellows, and is matter of exultant pride to any race. And so it is fitting that Marian Anderson should raise her voice in tribute to the noble Lincoln whom mankind will ever honor."

When he finished, silence held the vast audience waiting for the singer to appear.

She came slowly, emerging from the white pillars of the Lincoln Memorial. For a moment she stood motionless at the head of the long flight of marble steps. Looking out over the sea of faces below her, she must in that instant have lost all sense of personal identity, and remembered with a great lift of the heart that those listening thousands would hear in her the Voice of a People.

In the flowing lines of a concert gown, Marian Anderson is statuesque. She was so that afternoon. Black velvet etched her sharply against the pale stone of the monument. She walked with raised head and a still dignity that brought throbbing emotion to more than one throat. Kosti Vehanen was already at the piano on the high platform built at the base of the Memorial. A row of amplifiers were like waiting sentinels across the front of the stage. She sang under the pageantry of the evening sky.

There was a glory in her heart and in her face as she sang, and it was more than the glory of the setting sun.

Those who know Marian Anderson know that fame has not spoiled her. She is still as simple and sincere, as enthusiastic and as much in love with music as she was when she scrubbed doorsteps to earn the price of a violin.

In 1941 she was presented with the Bok Award for outstanding service to the city of Philadelphia—a check for ten thousand dollars, a sum which she promptly established as a fund to defray the costs of educating promising musicians without regard to race, creed, or color—and she closed her speech of acceptance with words from a Negro spiritual that epitomize her life's purpose.

"I have opened my mouth to the Lord and I won't turn back. I will go, I shall go, to see what the end will be."

JOBS for GIRLS in AVIATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

jobs, and many others. All that is needed here is an interest in the field of aviation as a whole; otherwise these jobs are like similar positions in other fields.

But perhaps you are not satisfied to stay on the ground and let others do the flying. Have you looked up wistfully when planes flew overhead, or watched with envy planes taking off and landing at the local airport? Probably the thought that flying was too expensive as a sport and of no practical value for earning your living made you turn away with a sigh. Neither of these ideas is true today. Hundreds of girls are making their living as pilots in this country today, and thousands of secretaries, teachers, factory workers, and the like are sportsman pilots. A great majority of ground workers in aviation, such as those we have discussed, become so interested in the industry of which they are a part that they are not satisfied until they have tried flying the ships themselves.

Let us consider your problems, then, if you want to be a pilot, perhaps a professional flyer eventually. The majority of girls earning their living as pilots today are flight instructors, teaching other men and women to become pilots. A few are ferry pilots, airport managers, and test pilots, and some fly commercially for private concerns, but these are largely one-of-a-kind jobs that particular individuals have made for themselves, more by accident than by any direct route. Most of this discussion, therefore, will center around women instructors, since this is the only position that can be attained by logical steps.

No girl should start on the long, hard road to being a flight instructor unless she is sure, first of all, that she wants this above everything else as a career. If she does not have this strong desire, she is almost certain to succumb to the many setbacks and tedious, expensive training it requires. It is better for her to start out with the idea of learning to fly for sport and gradually determine if she has the ability, patience, and persistence to go further.

First of all, she must consider her physical condition. She will be required to take a stiff examination periodically. It is foolish for a girl to begin flight instruction until she has completed this examination, because if she cannot pass it, nothing in the world will enable her to become a pilot. Contrary to popular belief, the wearing of glasses does not necessarily bar a girl from this posi-

tion, if she has reasonably good vision while wearing them. Her heart and blood pressure and lungs must be perfect, and if she is run-down and tires easily, she will not be able to stand the strain of varying weather, constant need for alertness, or the demands made on all of her faculties.

Besides these physical requirements, there are some emotional and personality factors to be considered. The girl who wants to be a flight instructor must remember that, as an instructor, she will be primarily a teacher. She must have the ability to get along well with all kinds of people, patience with the slow to learn, ability to command the respect of students, endurance under the strain of constant repetition, and above all an enthusiasm for her job that does not wear thin.

If you are interested, how can you prepare now while you are in school for such a position? You can study mathematics and physics and other laboratory sciences which will train you in the detail necessary to pass the stiff written examinations you will be required to take. You can enroll in the special high school courses in aeronautics now being given. You can take part in such sports as tennis, badminton, golf, and archery which will help to develop your coordination, speed sense, and judgment of distance. You can participate in hobbies that develop a persistent and analytical way of thinking.

If you are able to put aside a few dollars a week for lessons, you can begin your flight training any time after you have reached your sixteenth birthday. Perhaps you will work summers, or Saturdays, or afternoons to finance your course; many do and it all depends upon how much you really want to learn to fly. To the majority, the financial obstacle looms very large indeed, but this need not be so. The cost of obtaining an instructor's rating is no greater than that for any other professional training. Once you have overcome that first obstacle—getting a private license—it is very possible that you may be able to work out a part of your additional training as an employee of the school with which you are flying. You can have a weekly lesson for as little as four dollars, and an entire course for a private license for about three hundred dollars spread over several months. It is largely a matter of budgeting your available funds and determining your rate of progress by this budget.

The most important factor in your flying

career is the selection of a good flying school. If possible, choose a Government-approved school, one which has a curriculum, personnel, and equipment certified by the Civil Aeronautics Authority. You will need fewer hours and consequently fewer dollars for your course of instruction. To be a graduate of an approved school, you must also make arrangements to attend ground school classes one or two nights a week.

You will have little difficulty in finding a position, once you have your instructor's rating. With the quick turnover, these days, caused by men instructors going into Army programs and the Air Force, the school at which you took your course may ask you to stay on as an instructor. The usual salary arrangement for a beginning instructor is by the hour, or at a fixed salary, in either case amounting to about two hundred a month. Your job will give you a great deal of personal satisfaction. You will be making a real contribution toward the war effort by training pilots, but above everything else you will have the satisfaction of teaching something you love to others, that they may learn to love it, too.

After a few years' experience as an instructor, it is quite possible that you may become manager, owner, or co-owner of an airport, as many women have done. Here you must have a knowledge of business, salesmanship, maintenance of equipment, and all civil air regulations. This seems to be the dream of many an instructor, but of course it entails all of the usual headaches of an individual business and a financial risk.

Finally, this last word—we have not exhausted here all of the opportunities in aviation by any means; we have touched only a few of the high lights, both in ground positions and flying jobs. Perhaps nothing in history looks more promising for the latter group than the formation of the WAFS and the WFTD, a group which is training women pilots to assume ferrying work to relieve men pilots for actual duty. Of course this is at present only for experienced pilots, but if it is successful in this country, as it has been in England, opportunities never dreamed of may open up for future women pilots in the United States. This is the fastest changing industry in the country, additional opportunities spring up overnight—and no industry offers more of a chance to do a worthwhile job and find lasting satisfaction in one's work.

THE SILVER CACTUS

of Henry Ransome, the artist who was well known for his pictures of Indians a few years ago. He still paints, but he has not been strong for some time, and people do not seem to be interested in Indian subjects as they used to be.

"We two have lived here in Arizona and in New Mexico ever since I can remember anything. I had Indian teachers in silver work, but it was my grandfather who taught me to interpret the desert in my designs. I can explain how I have studied, how much work I have sold.

"The hotel here—and one or two in town—have allowed me to have exhibitions at times, and tourists always like my work. But that doesn't offer me the steady market I need.

"I am grown-up now, and I must earn my own living. Would there be, possibly, any chance of your great store handling my work?

"I read in the Tucson paper about your arrival here, and made my plan—in desperation, please believe that—to get my designs before you. If you are angry, or if my work is not good enough for your customers, will you just leave the ring and chain at the desk? If you are willing to see me, however, will you leave word, instead, when I may call?

"I'll be at the desk this afternoon right after lunch.

"Hopefully (and with apologies)

"Chloe Ransome"

THAT'S one very smart young lady," Sandy exclaimed when his father laid the blue paper down.

"You will see her, won't you, Daddy?" Daffy urged. "The things are so beautiful, and I'm somehow sure from the letter that she needs to make money pretty badly. We've met her twice—I can tell you now."

"Of course I'll see her," Mr. MacClough said decidedly. "She has originality and talent—and spirit," he added, smiling. "She ought to go far. Boys, one of you leave word at the desk that I'll see Miss Ransome as soon as she comes."

Daffy thought the rest of the morning would never pass. How strong the twins' curiosity was, they refused, manlike, to admit, but Daffy noticed they didn't drive into Tucson after lunch as they had planned.

However, no message announced the arrival of the resourceful Miss Ransome. Nor was there any word during that evening, nor another provocative white package on the breakfast table in the morning.

Reluctantly the MacCloughs went on with the various expeditions they had planned. But each time they saw to it that word was left at the desk asking Miss Chloe Ransome to wait until their return, if she did come.

Three days later, one of the bell boys stopped Daffy on her way in from the patio. He was a tall boy with a frank face and nice manners. They had all noticed him.

"Excuse me, Miss MacClough, but were you expecting to hear from Miss Chloe Ransome?" he asked her.

Daffy nodded eagerly. "Oh, yes, I am—at least my father is. Is she here? Where?"

"Not here," the boy said. "If I'd known before that you were expecting her—I just heard the desk clerk mention it—I'd have told you right off."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"Told me what?" Daffy asked. "Do you know her?"

"I went to high school with her." The boy hesitated and his face grew several shades redder. "I put those packages on your table," he blurted out. "She came over early Monday morning, before you folks were down, and asked me to do it and not tell anyone. She said it was on account of your father being a famous jeweler—she wanted to fix a way so he'd notice her stuff. She thought probably he was so pestered by artists and folks like herself that he mightn't be willing to see her, unless she could get him interested some way."

He looked at Daffy anxiously. "Your father didn't mind, did he? She's a swell person, Chloe. And now she'll be needing real help, with the old gentleman gone and no one to look out for her."

"Of course, Dad wasn't angry," Daffy said. "But what old gentleman—what's happened?"

"Her grandfather," the boy explained soberly. "He died suddenly—on Tuesday. They buried him this morning."

"So that's why she didn't come!" Daffy cried. "Look here, do you know where she lives—and what's your name, please?"

"Fred," the other supplied. "Yes, I know the place. It's a little house quite a piece out on the desert, toward the San Xavier Reservation."

"Then, Fred, could you possibly get off and find a car to drive us out there right away—my father and my brothers and me?" Daffy demanded.

"The hotel can have a car here for you in a few minutes, and I'm off duty now," Fred said promptly. "It's good of you to go, Miss MacClough. I'm afraid Chloe hasn't anyone to turn to but Indians. She's always been a great hand to make friends with them, like the old gentleman did. And living so far off, where they did, she never saw much of people in town. Her own age, I mean."

"You get that car to the door as fast as you can," Daffy commanded, "and I'll have my family out front in ten minutes."

She was as good as her word. By the time Fred had changed his uniform jacket and brought one of the hotel cars around, Daffy came out the door, shepherding her somewhat bewildered relatives.

"I'll explain to you on the way, darlings," she had told them. "Chloe Ransome's grandfather has died—and one of the bell boys, who knows her, is taking us to her."

To all of them, the little white stucco house looked infinitely lonely when they finally came upon it. It was so far out on the desert, so remote from all neighbors, from shade, or gardens, or even traveled roads. Fred stopped at the narrow path leading up to the faded blue door.

"You go in first, Daffy," Jon urged. "Maybe another girl—" He added gruffly, "Call us if it's all right to come in, kid."

As if someone inside had heard the car, the door opened and Daffy's surprised eyes beheld a massive Indian woman, with a stolid little boy, whom she recognized as Pimi, clutching at her skirts.

"I've come to see Miss Chloe Ransome," Daffy said. "I've just heard—I'm Daphne MacClough."

The squaw evidently recognized the name, for she stood aside and Daffy went in.

(Continued on page 45)

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LIFE AT CAMP

JEANETTE, PENNSYLVANIA: I am thirteen years old and a very new subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have been to the Girl Scout camp Wesca twice in succession. Oh, it's so much fun, but when it comes to K.P. duty—gosh, I never peeled so many potatoes in my life!

If any other girl is wondering whether or not to start saving money for camp, I'm one hundred per cent for it. It seems to do something to you, to mix in with other girls from all over the place. Then, at night, when you've just settled down in your bunk you can hear taps being played softly from the mess hall, and when you turn on your side you can see the moon coming up through the trees. More than likely, when you are just dozing off to sleep, the straw will start coming out of your tick and you will have to get up on the cold floor to fix it—but you get a lot of laughs!

Well, I just thought I would inform some girls about "Life at Camp."

Jane Ann Fisher

"TOPSIDE"

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT: I am so sorry that *The Sky-Blue Trailer* story has ended. It was wonderful! I hope we hear from Eggs and her family again very soon.

I am a Girl Scout. I am the Scribe of Troop 8. We have two patrols, and we hope to add another soon.

This summer I went to Camp Sprague. It's swell, including the food! There are three units. The one I was in was "Topside." We had swell counselors and cooked our every day. One night a cat climbed onto the tent roof. We thought it was a skunk and everyone screamed! We named the cat Topside after our unit. It is our mascot now.

I enjoy my magazine more than anything I have ever read.

Peggy Houie

BABIES ARE NICE

LA FARGVILLE, NEW YORK: Take three guesses for my favorite magazine, and the first two don't count! Right—*THE AMERICAN GIRL*! Yes—We-Can-Janey and dear Bobo Witherspoon are my special heroines. Not long ago my Scout troop presented *Girl Scout Week* and we had a perfect Bobo for the part.

I'm fourteen years old, but nearly fifteen. I am a sophomore in high school. I like Franch, but I guess piano playing is my

hobby. Chopin is delightful and I'm learning to love Grieg.

But right now I have something else that's grand. Because my sister's husband is in the Army, she and her six-month-old baby are home. My niece—and she is so sweet! I never had a baby sister and it's quite a novelty to me.

Won't it be grand when the war is over and all the boys can come back to their families? Let's hope it's soon, and meantime let's make Girl Scouts a name about which people will say, "There is an organization that really helped to win the war!"

Anne Van Brocklin

DILSEY

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN: I have just finished *A Penny for Your Thoughts* in the January issue and I certainly agree with Ruth M. Taylor about Wing Scouts. I am very much interested in aviation, and when I grow up I would like to be a pilot. We don't have a Scout troop here—and I am only twelve—so I suppose I shall have to wait.

I really can't tell you my favorite character is because I like every one of them, but I think I like Dilsey best. I am like her, for I'm always getting into trouble when I start to do something.

Next to being a pilot, I would like to be a designer of clothes. My teachers say my art work is quite good. But I didn't start out to brag.

I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the best magazine in the world and hope that it will carry on, for many years to come, all the good work it has already done.

Margaret Walsh

BROTHERS

SALEM, NEBRASKA: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for quite a while and never can wait until the next copy comes. I like all the stories about boys and girls like us—and articles about talking and beauty and things like that.

I have something to bring up—and I want the girls to tell me if they have the same trouble. It is brothers. Little ones and big ones. They are so embarrassing. When their friends come, you have to be so-so—but just wait until *your* friends come! Sometimes they are very kind. Then when some of their friends drop in, or when they are getting ready to go somewhere, they are as cross as bears.

Sometimes I feel sorry for them, and so I

talk kindly to them and ask them if they can't be a little more coöperative—but they pay no attention.

If you girls know any answer to the question how to make brothers coöperate with us, please write.

Marjorie Ruth Allen

PESTY

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT: I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade in the Susan Sheridan Junior High School in New Haven.

I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years and I think its super. Let's have more of Carol Ryrie Brink's stories. I think she writes wonderful stories.

I have a little brother who is seven years old. He's right at the pesty age now. We just had our house painted, and all the way up the stairs, on the wall, there are handprints—his handprints. (He may be a pest, but I still love him.)

Nancy Alderman

A GOOD TROOP

SEAFORD, DELAWARE: *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is just plain wonderful. I enjoy every word in each issue. *The Desert Calling* was the best story ever printed in the magazine, I think. Stories about Dilsey, Lucy Ellen, and Yes-We-Can-Janey are very interesting. Articles on how to make over your clothes and ideas for your bedroom are very helpful.

I am twelve years old and in Junior High in Seaford Public School. Recently, I became a Girl Scout. I don't know how I lived happily before. We have a good troop and a wonderful Scout leader.

My hobbies are playing the piano, typing, designing clothes, collecting riddles, and collecting pamphlets, programs, and cards for my Memory Book. I have only one pet, but he makes up for that by being so faithful and gentle. He is an all-black Scotty named Dougall.

Ann Burton

COINCIDENCE

GILROY, CALIFORNIA: I am twelve years old, and I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much. The reason I am writing is because it is quite a coincidence that my name is Pat Downing and my father's name is Ed Downing, just like Pat's father in the story. I thought it might be fun to write and tell you.

Patricia Downing

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so, write to Girl Scouts, Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

THE AMERICAN GIRL THE SILVER CACTUS

There was a wide window all across the east wall of the room she entered, framing the sunset above a pinnacled range of stark brown mountain peaks. And on the shabby couch drawn up before that window lay a girl in black, with two heavy dark braids flung over the pillows beside her.

The Indian woman spoke swiftly in Spanish, and instantly Chloe was on her feet, stammering a greeting.

"I've come to tell you how sorry we are—we've all come," Daffy said. "My father and my brothers, and Fred from the hotel. If only we could have helped you this morning!" She caught the other's hand and gave it a sympathetic squeeze.

Almost at once, Chloe had herself in control. "Did you say your father came, too?" she asked, wiping her tear-wet face with the back of one hand. "Please ask him right in."

Mr. MacClough found himself deeply touched by the tall, white-faced girl who stood holding her hand out to him, with the desert sunset at her back.

"Have you anyone with you, my child?" he asked her at once, holding the firm, cold hand, and thinking in dismayed pity. "This might have been my Daffy."

"Only old Juana—and Pimi," Chloe said. "Juana was my nurse when I was little. Her brother was my teacher—he is one of the great silver-workers of the Navajos. Juana isn't a Papago, but Pimi's father is." She broke off, with an anxious glance at the man before her. "I can't seem to think very clearly just yet. Of course you aren't interested in all these details."

"But I am," he told her gently. "We have been waiting to hear from you for the past

three days. We are leaving for the Grand Canyon tomorrow, which is my excuse for asking whether you feel able to discuss business, now. Sometimes, you know, we have to be strong enough to put sorrow aside for practical matters."

She stood looking up at him intently, like a hurt, submissive child. "There is nothing more I can do for my grandfather," she said. "And I can grieve for him in all the days ahead. But the situation is changed. I am afraid, since I wrote you, Mr. MacClough. I cannot continue to live here alone." She made a weary little gesture and turned, with a sudden remembrance of her hospitable obligations, to draw chairs forward.

"I have had a telegram from an aunt I have not seen since I was very small," she went on, when they were seated. "She wanted me to live with her, after my mother died. That was when I was five. But my grandfather would not give me up. He was—everything. Father, mother, a wonderful companion, and my—teacher. Some day I am going to be a real artist, perhaps, because of what he taught me."

She turned away, fighting for control. "He left me a small life insurance legacy, enough to pay all his expenses, with a few hundred over. My aunt wants me to take that money and go to her in Chicago—to learn stenography and typing, so that I can get a job there, and live with her."

"And you do not want to do this?" Mr. MacClough asked understandingly. "No, that is not the life for an artist. And you are an artist, Miss Chloe. There is a market for the kind of silver jewelry you design. Of course, you must continue to study. But

why not study in New York? I can find you the teachers you will need there."

"New York!" Chloe gasped.

Mr. MacClough permitted himself a smile. "You say you cannot keep on living here and send us your work as you originally planned," he said. "And I can see that that is so. But we are constantly adding new artists to our regular staff at MacClough & Company. There is a big open studio on the top floor where metal workers, wood carvers, miniature painters, and half a dozen others each has a corner and his or her tools."

He had to glance away from the hope that had suddenly replaced the despair in Chloe's blue eyes.

"There would be a salary—small, of course, at first, but sufficient to let you live simply at one of the clubs for girls we can recommend to you. There would be evening classes in art school, and a new, full life if you want to make it so. I think it is the one your grandfather would choose for you."

Daffy's arm went around Chloe's waist. "We'll all be your friends," she said. "You'll love New York. The twins will take you places in the holidays, and—oh, Daddy, make her say yes! It's exactly the answer."

Chloe's smile was tremulous. "I thought," she said, "just before you came—when I looked out over all that empty, beautiful desert and realized I was alone—I thought even God had forgotten about me."

"Hooray!" Daffy cried, turning to smile at her father. "Write your aunt a telegram, Chloe, and then start packing. Don't you realize yet that when you left that surprise package with your cactus ring in it on our breakfast table, you landed your first job?"

RED HOT CELEBRATION

sured Midge. "We'll cover that with a collar."

Instead of coming to a flue, however, he hit a stud. Pausing, he scratched the back of his neck with the chisel.

"Hm," he grunted. "That's funny."

"Tin, I just happened to think—there isn't any chimney on this side of the house. Does that make any difference?"

"Any difference!" Quentin shouted and took a leaping jump for the front door, pushing roughly past Adele who was extending her third invitation.

He came back, shaking his head. "Crown me with a dunce cap! I'm zombie, I'm nuts. It's that wall over there."

"You're not to blame, Tin. I told you it was over here—that's what Mother said," comforted Midge, making a futile attempt to fit in the bits of broken plaster.

Adele came to the door, her tightly compressed lips more expressive than words.

"Well, where do we go from here?" queried Tin.

"I don't suppose we can stop now," mourned Midge.

"Certainly not," insisted Adele. "We'll install that stove if it turns the walls into Swiss cheese."

Again Quentin tapped. This time there was no mistake and he managed to cut a symmetrical hole into which the pipe fitted neatly.

The stove, connected to the pipe, did look cosy. Midge hoped that when her parents saw it they wouldn't feel so distressed about

the other wall, especially after she and Quentin had hidden the hole behind a larger picture.

Adele drew up a chair and seated herself before the stove. "Now let's build a roaring fire and toast cheese or something."

Quentin, however, his confidence shaken by his first mistake, uttered a decided negative.

"I think I've hooked it up right—it's the way I did ours—but I'd rather wait until your father checks on it. Maybe the flue isn't open."

"We could test it with a spill," Midge suggested and, lighting a twisted strip of newspaper, she held it in the little stove. Smoke curled up and away, bits of flaming paper sailed along with it out of sight.

"Look, Tin, a swell draft!" Midge gazed beseechingly at Quentin. "Couldn't we welcome the honeymooners with a little fire crackling in the grate?"

Crackling, had she said? What was that noise in the chimney? All three exchanged questioning glances. Quentin felt the wall. So did Midge and found it warm. The noise developed into a dull roar.

"It's only a chimney fire," encouraged Quentin. "Soot burning."

"What'll we do?" shrieked Adele.

"Keep calm," directed Quentin. "I'll phone the fire department."

"Fire!" shrieked Adele. "Fire!"

"Tin, come back here!" shouted Midge. "Look!"

From under the baseboard darted little scarlet and orange tongues of flame.

OH, PETER, what a lovely day!" Mrs. Bennett snuggled her husband's hand closer to her side. "And how cute of the girls to plan a little dinner party." She sighed contentedly. "It's only the last few years I've been able to leave them without worrying. I don't like them to grow up, but it's a relief to know they're too big to get into trouble."

Mr. Bennett grunted an agreement.

"And I can't help being thankful now that they're both girls. It doesn't seem right, Peter, for the world to be at war and for us to go on as if nothing had happened."

"We're doing what we can," defended Mr. Bennett. "Those war bonds represent a certain amount of self-sacrifice."

"I know, dear, but I'm talking of real trouble."

The clatter of a fire engine interrupted her. "There's real trouble for some one! Peter, could you see? Did they turn down our block?"

"I—think they did."

"Come on! Let's run!"

MIDGE stood across the street and watched the confusion with unbelieving eyes. The throb of the fire engine beat against her ears, the babble of voices, shouts of the firemen, the clang of a newly arrived police car.

"Quentin, it isn't true! That isn't our house on fire. I'm asleep. It's only a dream."

"It's only a chimney fire," Quentin repeated for the twentieth time and made another unsuccessful attempt to get through the lines.

Neighbors came over to the girls and offered them shelter, but Midge waved them away. Adele, too, wringing her hands and insisting she was going crazy, refused to leave the point of vantage.

"Think of it! All my best clothes in there—and George's fraternity pin!" she wailed.

Midge stamped an impatient foot. "Who cares, with the house in ruins! Poor Father! Poor Mother!"

"Look who's talking!" Adele laughed hysterically. "After Tin warned you, too!"

Dick Vernon, who lived halfway down the block, worked his way through the crowd and took possession of Adele. She refused to leave the spot until he explained she could enjoy the warmth of his house, the calming effect of a coke, and see everything from his front window.

A moment after Adele had been led away, Midge saw her parents dash up the street and, taking to her heels, she flung herself, sobbing, on her mother.

"I did it, Mom! I'm responsible, Dad! I burned up the house! Quentin told me not to, but I did!"

"Adele?" her mother questioned frantically. "She's all right—she's gone off with Dick Vernon. I've ruined you, Dad."

Quentin Hamilton had joined them. "Don't listen to her, Mr. Bennett. I'm the smart gazabo back of all this. Me, just me."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

with cement. Mr. Chips slid on the smooth cement as Mary Fred coaxed him in. She had first to tap out and pry out the snow caked around his shoes.

A twinge of uneasiness went through her. The horse looked so big, so almost raw here beside the shining gleam of the car. She wondered where she'd get straw for bedding and hay for him; she wished there was something to tie him to. With cold, shaking hands she pulled the saddle off him, unbridled him—yes, and she wished there was a peg to put the saddle on! She put it on top of the car hood, and there in the dusk it looked like a rakish little hat.

She emptied some newspapers out of a carton and shook some oats into it. Mr. Chips could hardly eat for looking about curiously. There was no bucket for water except one that smelled faintly of gasoline. She'd have to scour it out. Later, too, she must see about the hot compress. She wished that bossy boy from Wyoming had told her how to make it.

When she had made Mr. Chips as comfortable as she could, she stamped her way up the back porch steps. The kitchen door opened and a stout woman, in heavy coat and tying a knitted scarf under her chin, came out. Since their mother's death the Malones had had a housekeeper whose name, like their imposing neighbor's, was also Mrs. Adams. To avoid confusion, they distinguished between the two by calling the one in their home "Mrs. No-Complaint Adams" (because she told of the different places she had worked and there had never been any complaint) and the other "Mrs. Socially-Prominent Adams," because on the society page she was referred to in that fashion.

"I have to hurry along to get supper going at my daughter's," Mrs. No-Complaint Adams told Mary Fred now. "Did you interview the woman I told you about—the one who said she could take my place?"

"Anyone hurt?" demanded Mr. Bennett.

"No, sir, the chimney caught fire."

"Oh," breathed Mrs. Bennett and clung to her husband.

A policeman came toward them, stepping over the hose. "You folks live in that house?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Bennett.

"Okay, you can go in. Fire's out."

They obeyed, the four of them preceded by a fireman. "Lucky we didn't have to use any water," he comforted. "And don't be afraid, lady! If the fire breaks out again, I'll be here."

Midge uttered a groan at sight of the living room. One wall half chopped away, soot and plaster over everything, chintz torn, lamps overturned. And was there no end to her misery? The anniversary present lay on the floor, crushed, ruined!

"There, there, Midge darling," soothed Mrs. Bennett. "It doesn't matter—nothing matters so long as you're all unhurt."

"But—the expense," Midge wailed.

"Haven't I been paying fire insurance for eighteen years?" asked Mr. Bennett.

"No, Peter," contradicted his wife. "We didn't take it out until we returned from our honeymoon, remember? Seventeen years and fifty weeks."

"Long enough to take care of this mess, I guess," he said. And he managed a smile.

"Oh, Dad," breathed Midge, giddy with

MEET the MALONES

Mary Fred was doubled over in the porch doorway with one boot in her hand, knocking the snow off it. She straightened up. "Land of love! I knew there was something else I should have done!"

Mrs. Adams *teb-teb'd* her reproach. "You know my time was up yesterday. I came over today to cook you up enough to carry you over a day."

"I know!" Mary Fred murmured her thanks to Mrs. Adams for giving them an extra day. The housekeeper's daughter had work at the munitions plant, and Mrs. Adams was leaving the Malones to care for her daughter's home and children.

"Dear knows, you'll need someone. I never saw such slugabeds in the morning—and there's your poor father having to have his hot, filling breakfast right on the dot. Oh, but he's the fine one and a pleasure to work for! As I said to my daughter, I've known smart people and I've known good people—though you don't often find smart people good, or good people smart—but you'd never find anyone so good and so smart as Martie Malone. What would this town do without him and his writin' on the paper? Why, he does the thinkin' for all of us as haven't much to think with. He does, indeed! He thinks things out about all that's goin' on in the world, and then he puts it in his—what do you call it now, Mary Fred?"

"His editorial column," Mary Fred said, shaking the snow off the scarf that had only partially protected her head and neck.

"That's it—and written so plain and nice that most times I can understand it. And my daughter says that they have the school children read his—well, what he writes—in this class they call—what is it now, Mary Fred?"

"Current Events," Mary Fred said, and felt again the warm thrill she always felt when she saw written on the school blackboard, "Read *Mattie Malone's* column on *A Greater America*."

sudden relief, "would the insurance pay for another Franklin stove? That's how the fire happened. I took the money you gave me for Mother's present, and we all chipped in and bought one."

"A Franklin stove! You poor darlings," exclaimed Mrs. Bennett.

"But, Mother, now it's smashed!" Midge gulped and pointed to the wreck. "And Del paid for that dented stovepipe."

"Don't worry, precious, of course we'll buy another," soothed her mother.

Mr. Bennett had been inspecting the burned wall. "I don't think we'll want another Franklin stove," he said, bending over and looking into a brick cavity.

"Please, Dad. They're wonderful. Even Adele liked it," coaxed Midge.

"Even so, it looks to me like an open fireplace here," he said.

"That's right," called the fireman from the doorway. "A big one, too. Must have been closed for years. Chuck full of soot."

"Peter! Midge! Not really!" cried Mrs. Bennett. She turned to Quentin. "For years I've wanted an open fireplace, wanted it in the worst way—and that's the way I got it!" She laughed at the old joke and they all joined in.

"Some celebration," sighed Midge, peering gingerly into the bricked cavity. "If you ask me, it's less like an anniversary and more like a house warming, eh, Tin?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

As Mrs. Adams talked, she was pulling down a few garments she had washed and hung on the porch clothesline, and now she wadded them into Mary Fred's arms. "These are to be ironed. Now see you dampen them down good."

The woman started down the snowy steps, stopped to call back. "The dinner's in the oven, but you'll have to dish up yourselves. You should have seen about hiring that woman."

Mary Fred stared after Mrs. Adams's figure that was of the same solid bulk as that of Mrs. Socially-Prominent Adams. A great inspiration was forming in her mind in answer to the worrying singsong of "*What you goin' to say? How you goin' to pay?*" A new line had even added itself. "*He'll need oats and hay.*"

Why couldn't the young Malones do the housework and the cooking and the laundry which Mrs. Adams had done so capably? It would mean getting up earlier and hurrying home from school. Already the days seemed full to overflowing—but here was Mary Fred with a horse to finish paying for and feed to buy. And Johnny was in just as much need of money. There were three of them to divide the work—Johnny, their younger sister, Beany, and Mary Fred herself. She felt a qualm of doubt as to how useful Johnny would be around the house. Beany was only thirteen, but Beany had a God-given instinct for draining noodles without spilling them in the sink, and beating the lumps out of white sauce with an egg beater, while Johnny—why, Johnny couldn't even put the parts of the coffee percolator together in chronological order.

Well, she, Mary Fred, had got herself into this mess, and it was up to her to get out. Thank goodness, the Malones had a council table where they could all sit and talk over their problems!

(To be continued)



Laugh and Grow Scout

After Class

MARY: How are you getting along in Latin?

JANE: It's all Greek to me!—*Sent by ROSLYN SALATINE, Brooklyn, New York.*

At the Hotel

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the young woman who had just checked in, to the bellboy who was conducting her. "I'm not going to pay my money for a measly little folding closet with a folding bed in it. If you think that just because I'm from the country I'll be satisfied with such a miserable little—"

"Get in, lady, get in," the boy interrupted wearily. "This isn't your room. This is the elevator."—*Sent by MARTHA ANN PARK, Bürgerstville, Indiana.*

O'-War

SAILOR: Yes, ma'am, that's a man-o'-war out there.

LADY: How interesting! And what is that little boat out in front?

SAILOR: Oh, that's just a tug.

LADY: Oh, yes, of course, a tug-of-war! I've heard of them.—*Sent by CONNIE CLARK, Asbland, Ohio.*

Thrift



BETTY: *Whe!* I just chased this trolley car seven blocks. Still, I suppose I did save a nickel.

LETTY: Why didn't you chase a taxicab? You'd have saved much more.—*Sent by NANCY HORROCKS, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

The Prize-Winning Joke

The Difference



YOUNG HARRY: Father, what's the difference between a gun and a machine gun?

DAD: There is a big difference. It is just as if I spoke and then your mother spoke.—*Sent by GWENDOLYN WHITE, Pixley, California.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

"Yassuh, it's heah, all right—but it jes' barely is!" she agreed grudgingly.—*Sent by ELINOR WEHL, San Antonio, Texas.*

Merely Vanity



TEACHER: Why does a polar bear wear a fur coat, Betsy?

BETSY: I guess it's because he would look so funny in a tweed one.—*Sent by KATHRYN RUTH WALKER, Chicago, Illinois.*

How About It?

"What is an anecdote?" asked the English teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered Fred.

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Fred, you may write on the blackboard a sentence containing the word."

Fred hesitated a moment and then wrote, "My rabbit has four legs and an anecdote."—*Sent by JEAN DERRYBERRY, Nashville, Tennessee.*

Unique Reason

TEACHER: Jimmy, why were you late for school this morning?

JIMMY: I think I must have overwashed myself.—*Sent by HELEN GIANOS, Schenectady, New York.*

Nothing Over

An old Negro woman walked up to the bank window in an East Texas town and asked for change for a twenty-dollar bill. The cashier counted it out to her. After a few minutes he looked up to see her still standing at the window, a frown on her face, counting the money over again.

"What's the matter, Auntie, isn't it all there?" he asked.

"Yassuh, it's heah, all right—but it jes' barely is!" she agreed grudgingly.—*Sent by ELINOR WEHL, San Antonio, Texas.*

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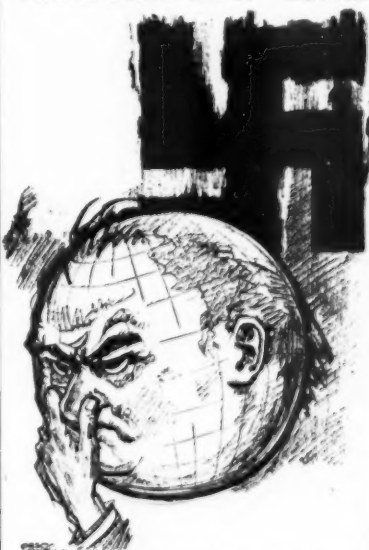
"WAKE UP AMERICA" PAYS TRIBUTE to the GIRL SCOUTS

On Sunday, March 28th, 3:15 P.M., Eastern War Time, tune your radio to WJZ to hear a tribute to the Girl Scouts and their war work. "Wake Up America" originates in New York and comes over the Blue Network.

"THE NEW ODOR"

Winning Title for the January

"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMIC



Six hundred and fifty-eight girls submitted a thousand, three hundred and twenty-seven titles for the eleventh "Name-Your-Own" Comic drawing by Orson Lowell, published in the January, 1943 issue. The prize, a book, goes to Beverly Wallace, aged twelve, of Syracuse, New York, for her title, "The New Odor."

Other good titles were, "The New Order with that Old Odor," "Nazi Offensive," "Hold Your Nose and Pass the Ammunition," "His Nose Knows," "Drench That Stench," "Naziating," "Decaying Symbol," and "Swastinka."

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WHEN STAMPS are YOUR HOBBY

By OSBORNE B. BOND

THE first United States postage stamp of 1943 was placed on sale for the first time on Thursday, January 14, at the Nation's capital. Known officially as the United Nations postage stamp, it is of two-cent denomination, printed in red ink.

It has been issued as a tribute to the unity with which the liberty-loving nations of the world are marching toward victory over aggressors. Through this new stamp, added recognition can be given to all of those nations which are joined in a determined effort to overcome the enemies of democracy and civilization.

The central design of the new stamp, as will be noted from the illustration, is symbolic of victory. It is arranged vertically at the left of the stamp and depicts an uplifted palm branch forming the apex of a triangular shaped procession of swords, all held upright.

With the appearance of this new stamp, the two-cent Defense stamp has been removed from issue, just as the three-cent Defense stamp was replaced by the Win the War three-cent value which was issued last July 4.

On Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, also at the Nation's capital, a one-cent green postage stamp was placed on sale which replaces the previous one-cent Defense stamp. It is called the Four Freedoms Commemorative and the design shows a reproduction, in an oval shaped panel, of Liberty holding the lighted Torch of Freedom and Enlightenment. Below this design is a rectangular plaque with white background, in which appear the words Freedom of Speech and Religion, From Want and Fear.

In issuing this one-cent stamp on February 12, Postmaster General Frank C. Walker said, "It is deemed particularly fitting that a stamp fostering the great principles of freedom should appear on the day when the Nation annually pays tribute to the Great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln. I hope that the new stamp will be helpful in impressing on the public the necessity for spreading the Four Freedoms to more and more of the world, so that the lot of the common man may be improved and a soundly based, enduring



peace may be established after the war."

Postmaster General Walker has finally approved the series of envelope stamps that has been ready and waiting release for many months. This series consists of a one-cent, one-and-one-half-cent, two-cent, three-cent, four-cent, five-cent, and six-cent postage stamp and a six-cent Air Mail stamp. The Air Mail will be issued on white paper only, but the regular varieties will be on the usual colored papers, also. They will be issued one at a time and not altogether in one group, as had been previously expected.

On January 1, the Department of Posts and Telegraphs of Newfoundland placed on sale a new thirty-cent stamp, printed in rose color. It is the same size as the Grenfell Commemorative, and the design features the Memorial University College, with a spruce tree in each of the lower corners.

South Africa will issue its current postage stamps in a size which is approximately one-third the size of the stamps that have been in use up to this time. This is for the purpose of saving paper, and so far two values have reached us here in New York. The one-and-one-half pence and three pence of the original 1941 war issue make excellent miniatures of the previous large stamps. Because of perforation difficulties with this small size stamp, some interesting combinations of perforating and rouletting will be found.

DISHES FOR MEATLESS DAYS**BREADED VEAL KIDNEYS**

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 2 veal kidneys | 3 tablespoons bacon |
| 1 beaten egg | or other fat |
| 1 tablespoon water | 1 minced onion |
| 1½ cups dry bread crumbs | Salt and pepper |
| | ½ cup hot water |

Directions:

1. Wash kidneys in cold water and soak in cold salted water (1 teaspoon salt to a quart of water) for ½ hour.
2. Trim kidneys, removing any membrane, white tubes, excess tissue and fat. Cut each kidney into 4 slices.
3. Mix beaten egg and the tablespoon of water. Dip each slice of kidney first in this egg mixture, then roll in bread crumbs.
4. Melt fat in a heavy kettle, add the onion and breaded kidneys, and brown lightly. Sprinkle with salt and a little pepper, add the hot water, cover tightly, and cook over a very low fire for ½ hour, or until tender. Serves 4 to 6 persons.

MEXICAN KIDNEY STEW

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 beef kidney | 2 cups hot stewed |
| 3 tablespoons bacon | tomatoes |
| fat or other fat | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 4 chopped onions | ¼ teaspoon chili powder |

Directions:

1. Wash and trim and soak kidneys as in recipe for Breaded Veal Kidneys, then cut into ½ inch slices and roll in flour.
2. Melt fat in a heavy kettle, add onions and floured pieces of kidney, and brown well, turning frequently.
3. Add remaining ingredients, cover tightly, and cook over a very low fire for 1 hour.
4. Serve on buttered toast or mounds of rice, and garnish with stuffed green olives. Serves 4 to 6 persons.

BARBARA BRITTON, the charming young star who played in "Wake Island" and "So Proudly We Hail," says her meat favorite is

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

turkey. She also has favorites among the lesser known meat sundries, and we give you her recipes for sweetbreads and brains:

BROILED SWEETBREADS ON PINEAPPLE NESTS

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 3 pair sweetbreads | 6 slices canned or |
| 3 tablespoons fat | cooked pineapple |
| 1 beaten egg | 1 quart boiling water |
| 1 cup dry bread crumbs | 1 teaspoon salt |
| | 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar |

Directions:

1. Wash sweetbreads and soak in cold salted water for ½ hour.
2. Add salt, lemon juice or vinegar, and sweetbreads to the boiling water, and simmer gently for 15 to 30 minutes.
3. While sweetbreads are being parboiled, melt the fat in a heavy skillet and broil pineapple slices on both sides. Arrange on a hot platter and keep warm in the oven.

4. Drain sweetbreads, remove membrane, and split the sweetbreads lengthwise. Dip in seasoned egg, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry in same fat used to brown the pineapple.
5. When sweetbreads are golden brown, arrange on hot pineapple and garnish with sprigs of parsley. Serves 6.

BRAINS: GENERAL PREPARATION

Brains, about $\frac{1}{4}$ pound per serving (calf 1 teaspoon salt and lamb brains are 2 tablespoons vinegar better than beef)

Directions:

1. Wash brains and soak in cold salted water for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.
2. Add salt, vinegar, and brains to the quart of boiling water, and simmer gently for 15 to 30 minutes, or until just tender enough to be pierced with a fork.
3. Drain, and immediately plunge brains into cold water to keep them white. When cool, remove membrane and tissue, and separate into pieces.

BARBARA'S CREAMED DELIGHT

Prepared brains (see above) $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk (top milk is best)
2 tablespoons butter 1 slice bacon (if desired)
2 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper

Directions:

Melt the butter in a saucepan, blend in flour, add milk, and simmer 5 minutes until cream sauce is thickened. Add prepared brains, salt and pepper to taste, and crumbled bits of crisp fried bacon. Serve hot on buttered toast.

BARBARA'S SPECIAL SCRAMBLED EGGS

Prepared brains (see above) $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 eggs, beaten 1 dash of pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream or top milk 2 tablespoons bacon or other fat

Directions:

1. Beat eggs, cream, salt and pepper together until blended but not too foamy. Add prepared, parboiled brain segments.
2. Melt fat in a heavy skillet or pan, pour in the egg mixture, and cook over a very low fire until set, stirring occasionally and lightly with a fork. Sprinkle with minced parsley and serve on a hot platter.

DEANNA DURBIN likes these tongue and liver dishes for her meatless days:

CORNEBEEF TONGUE

1 corned beef tongue 1 bay leaf
2 whole cloves Boiling water

Directions:

1. Scrub tongue well in cold water, and soak overnight in cold water to cover.
2. Put tongue in a kettle, add cloves and bay leaf, and cover with boiling water. Boil 5 minutes, remove scum, and simmer 4 to 5 hours until tender. Remove, cool slightly, and cut off skin. Slice from the choice root end first, and serve hot or cold.

PAN-FRIED CALVES' LIVER

1 pound calves' liver, 2 tablespoons bacon in thin slices fat, or butter
Salt and pepper Flour

Directions:

1. Melt fat in a heavy skillet. Dip liver

THE AMERICAN GIRL

slices lightly in flour, and fry quickly until brown on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and a little pepper, and remove to a hot platter.

2. Thinly sliced onion rings may be fried to a golden brown in the same skillet, and served with the liver as a garnish.

CASSEROLE OF BAKED LIVER

$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds sliced beef or pork liver 4 to 6 small potatoes, quartered
3 tablespoons bacon, 1 teaspoon salt
or other fat 1 cup stewed tomatoes
6 small onions $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
6 small carrots

Directions:

1. Roll liver in flour and brown quickly in the hot fat.
2. Simmer the rest of the ingredients together for 10 minutes, then put with the liver in a covered casserole.
3. Bake covered in a moderate oven (350°) 1 hour, and serve directly from the casserole. Serves 6.

The above recipes are just a sample of the variety of main dishes that may be made from alternate or secondary meats. In addition to dishes such as these, resourceful cooks can make their families happy with tempting main dishes of eggs and cheese. Such dishes are rich in protein and other nourishing elements, which make them good meat substitutes.

KATHRYN GRAYSON, one of your favorite new singing stars, is fond of cheese dishes on meatless days. Here are some of her recipes:

SPANISH RICE

1 cup uncooked rice $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sieved, stewed tomatoes
4 tablespoons salad oil 1 teaspoon chili powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped quick-melting cheese 2 cups boiling water

Directions:

1. Wash rice. Heat oil in a deep skillet, add the dried rice and stir until it is cooked a golden-brown color. Remove from heat.
2. Dissolve the chili powder in a little tomato juice, then add all the ingredients to the browned rice. Stir until blended.
3. Grease a $\frac{1}{2}$ quart casserole and pour in the rice mixture. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (375°) for $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours, until rice is soft and tender. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 generous servings.

FLUFFY CHEESE SOUFFLE

3 tablespoons butter $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated American cheese
4 tablespoons flour 4 eggs, separated
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk

Directions:

1. Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler, and blend in the flour and salt. Add milk gradually and stir continually until white sauce is thickened and smooth.
2. Add prepared cheese, and stir occasionally until thoroughly melted.
3. Beat egg yolks together in a large bowl, and stir the cheese sauce slowly into them.
4. In a separate bowl, beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add to the cheese mixture, folding in lightly with your spoon.
5. Pour this fluffy mixture into an ungreased

casserole, filling it no more than two-thirds full. Do not cover.

6. Bake in a slow oven (325°) for 1 hour, or until firm and a rich golden brown on top. Serve at once, directly from the casserole.

JANE WITHERS passes along some favorite meat-substitute recipes utilizing eggs:

EGGS à la KING

4 hard-cooked eggs Salt and pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced fresh or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups top milk dried mushrooms (or part cream)
3 tablespoons butter 1 teaspoon minced parsley
2 tablespoons flour

Directions:

1. Shell hard-cooked eggs and slice.
2. Melt butter and simmer mushrooms for 5 to 10 minutes, or until tender. Blend in flour, add milk slowly, and cook over a low fire until thickened and flour is cooked (about 5 minutes.)
3. Add sliced eggs and parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and serve hot on buttered toast, or in patty shells. Serves 6.

MEXICAN EGGS AU GRATIN

2 tablespoons butter 1 cup canned tomatoes, or fresh
2 tablespoons flour stewed tomatoes
1 cup top milk $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chili powder
1 small onion, chopped
1 minced clove garlic $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered dry bread crumbs
4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated American cheese
2 tablespoons bacon or other fat

Directions:

1. Make a white sauce by melting the butter, rubbing in the flour, and adding the milk slowly. Cook until thickened.
2. Melt the bacon fat in a skillet, add onion and garlic, and simmer until limp and pale yellow. Add chili powder and tomatoes and cook until thickened.
3. Add tomato mixture to white sauce and season to taste. Put alternate layers of sauce and sliced eggs into a greased casserole, top with the buttered crumbs and cheese, and bake in a moderate oven (350°) 15 minutes. Serves 4 to 6 persons.

STUFFED EGGS AND ASPARAGUS

1 pound fresh asparagus 2 tablespoons flour
4 hard-cooked eggs 1 cup top milk (or part cream)
Mayonnaise $\frac{1}{2}$ cup asparagus liquid
Pinch of mustard
2 tablespoons butter

Directions:

1. Cook asparagus in boiling, salted water until tender. Reserve $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cooking liquid when done.
2. Shell hard-cooked eggs and cut in half lengthwise. Remove yolks to a bowl, mash with enough mayonnaise to moisten, add mustard, salt and pepper, and stuff the eggs.
3. Make a white sauce by melting the butter, rubbing in the flour, and gradually adding the milk and asparagus liquid. When sauce is thickened, lay stuffed eggs, cut side up, in the sauce. Cover and let cook over a very low fire for 3 minutes.
4. Lift the hot, cooked asparagus to a heated platter, arrange the stuffed eggs around it, and pour the sauce over all (Or it may be divided into 4 servings and arranged

on individual plates.) Garnish with bits of chopped pimiento or paprika for color.

MANY of the young stars have discovered favorite new dishes at the studio cafeterias and lunch rooms, where they eat many of their meals. Here are some of the dishes made of meat substitutes which are becoming popular: (The recipes have been adjusted to serve families of 4 to 6 persons.)

EGGS BAKED IN SCALLOPED EGGPLANT

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|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 medium-sized eggplant | 4 slices buttered bread |
| 1 onion, chopped | 1 beaten egg |
| 1 green pepper, minced | 1 cup chopped or stewed tomatoes |
| | 4 to 6 eggs |

Directions:

1. Peel eggplant and cut into cubes. Cook in a small amount of salted water ($\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water) until tender. Drain.
2. In a large bowl mix together the cooked eggplant, chopped onion, minced green pepper, the bread which has been diced, the beaten egg, and the tomatoes. More salt may be added to taste. Pour this mixture into a buttered casserole and bake, covered, for 30 minutes at 300°F .
3. Turn oven to moderately hot (about 400°), and remove casserole. With the back of a spoon, make four to six indentations on the top of the scalloped eggplant. Break an egg into each depression, sprinkle with salt and a few buttered bread or cracker crumbs over the top—or grated cheese for variety. Return to the oven for 10 minutes, or until whites of the eggs are set.

"HEART OF GOLD" SOUFFLE

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|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk | 1 teaspoon salt |
| $1\frac{1}{3}$ cup yellow cornmeal | 1 cup grated yellow cheese |

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 2 rounded table-spoons margarine or butter | 5 eggs, yolks and whites separated |
|--|------------------------------------|

Directions:

1. Scald milk in the top of the double boiler, stir in cornmeal slowly, add margarine and salt, and stir until thick and smooth. Cover, and continue cooking over the boiling water for 45 minutes.
2. Add the grated cheese to the cornmeal mixture, and stir until melted. Remove from fire, and stir in the separately beaten yolks of eggs. Then fold in the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. (Use a gentle over-and-over lifting motion with your spoon when you fold in the whites, to keep from breaking down the delicate air cells.)
3. Pour mixture into a buttered casserole and bake in a moderately slow oven (300° to 325°) for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, or until golden brown.
4. Serve immediately.

VEGETABLE FONDUE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1 cup milk | 1 tablespoon minced parsley |
| 1 cup soft bread crumbs | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons margarine or butter | 1 cup chopped, cooked vegetables (celery, peas, string beans, carrots, asparagus, or mushrooms) |
| 1 cup grated yellow cheese | 3 or 4 eggs, yolks and whites separately beaten |
| 2 tablespoons minced onion | |
| 1 dash pepper | |

Directions:

1. Scald milk in double boiler, and remove from fire.
2. Add bread crumbs, margarine, cheese, onion, pepper, parsley, salt, and chopped vegetables to milk and stir until well mixed.
3. Add separately beaten egg yolks to the fondue mixture, and stir well.

4. Beat whites of eggs until stiff, but not dry, and fold into the mixture. Pour into a well-buttered casserole and bake in a moderately slow oven (300° to 325°) for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, or until golden brown. Serve immediately.

EGGS BAKED IN RICE AND CHEESE NESTS

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Hot cooked rice | Grated cheese |
| 1 or 2 eggs per person | Medium-thick white sauce |

Directions:

1. Make enough white sauce to serve your family. For four persons, melt 2 table-spoons butter or shortening in saucepan, rub in 1 tablespoon flour and cook a minute or two; then slowly blend in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Cook over a low fire, stirring continually, and add 1 cup more milk, slowly. Cook until smooth, season with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and pepper to taste. To serve 2, cut recipe in half; to serve more, double it.
2. Put a layer of hot, cooked rice in a shallow greased baking dish. With the back of a greased spoon, make as many shallow depressions in the rice as you have eggs. Break raw eggs into each depression, pour hot white sauce over all, and sprinkle the top with grated cheese. (Bread crumbs may be sprinkled with the cheese for crispness.)
3. Bake in a slow oven (300°) until eggs are set and cheese is beginning to brown.

EGGS BAKED IN TOMATO CUPS

Scoop out the centers of large, firm, ripe tomatoes, but do not peel. Sprinkle these tomato cups lightly on the inside with salt, and add a flake of butter. Break an egg into each tomato, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and buttered bread crumbs. Set side by side in a shallow baking dish or pan, and bake in a moderately slow oven (325°) until eggs are set and tomato skins are wrinkled.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—LAUREN FORD

AKIND of Peter Pan among painters is Lauren Ford—an artist who has never outgrown her ability to be completely at home in the world of childhood. Born in New York City in 1891, the only child of wealthy and cultured parents, she has been exhibiting her pictures for thirteen years. Her father was Simeon Ford, owner of the Grand Union Hotel, famous wit and after-dinner speaker. That his daughter inherited her father's sense of fun is evident in the humor that sparkles from her canvases, but her artistic abilities were no doubt inherited from her mother, Julia Ellsworth Ford, who had thwarted artistic ambitions. It was she who put a pencil in the baby Lauren's hands and encouraged her aptitude for drawing. The small artist had a daily painting stint to do for Mother, much as our great grandmothers had to complete their daily quota of patchwork.

As Lauren Ford grew older, she received excellent art training both at home and abroad, studying at the Art Student's League in New York and as a pupil of George Bridgman and Frank Vincent du Mond. At East Hampton in the summers, and Ormond Beach, Florida, in the winters, she began to paint children—though for a time she worked for a firm of mural decorators where, as she says, she painted flowers, held the other end of a plumb line, washed innumerable brushes, and incidentally received some good practical training.

For a time, the Ford family lived in Rye, New York, the scene of "Milton Pond" reproduced in the January 1942 *AMERICAN GIRL*. Miss Ford, a very wealthy woman since the bulk of her father's large fortune came to her, did not have the pressing necessity of other artists to sell her paintings. As she is shy and modest, she

was in her thirties before it occurred to her that her work might have interest for others beside her family and friends. Conquering her diffidence, she presented two samples at the Ferargil Galleries, only to have her breath taken away by the enthusiasm with which they were received. An immediate showing was arranged and, before the exhibit was twenty-four hours old, every painting had been sold and disappointed collectors were clamoring for more. Since then the Metropolitan and other museums have acquired her paintings.

Lauren Ford's first book, *Little Book About God*, published by Doubleday, Doran, was made for her namesake, Lauren Brown, daughter of her adopted daughter, Mrs. Paul Brown. Following the tradition of her grandparents, who moved to Connecticut in 1860, Miss Ford has settled with her adopted family on a farm in Bethlehem, Connecticut, where, except for occasional trips abroad, she spends most of her time. It was there she did the paintings for her book, *The Ageless Story*, the life of Christ in terms of modern New England, published in 1939. In these pictures Saint Anne has a patchwork quilt, the Wise Men come in a sleigh, and the background of the Nativity scene, in which Joseph wears a sheepskin coat, is the artist's own Connecticut barn.

Lauren Ford's pictures are small, sometimes miniature in size, but they abound in rich and fascinating detail. Her subjects are children and religious themes. Most of the children in her paintings are late-Victorian, in long white stockings, high black boots, and stiffly starched pinafores. In general her color is subdued, except for occasional flashes of red in a New England barn, or the lush green of the New England fields she loves so well.—M. C.

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dear Lord*



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★ ★ ★
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